PICNIC AT HANGING ROCK

****

a screenplay by

Cliff Green

from the novel by

Joan Lindsay

(Final draft : August 1974
Revised : November 1974)

CHARACTERS

MRS APPLEYARD, headmistress of Appleyard College
MISS GRETA McCRAW, mathematics mistress
MLLE. DIANNE DE POITERS, French Mistress
MISS DORA LUMLEY, junior mistress
MIRANDA)
IRMA LEOPOLD) *senior boarders all about*
MARION QUADE) *16-17 years*
EDITH HORTON, about 13
SARA WAYBOURNE, about 11
ROSAMUND, about 15
BLANCHE, about 15
JULIANA, about 14
COOK at the College
MINNIE)
ALLICE) *maids*
EDWARD WHITEHEAD, College gardener
TOM, handyman at the College
MR BEN HUSSEY, livery stable proprietor
DOCTOR McKENZIE
SERGEANT BUMPHER
CONSTABLE JONES
REG LUMLEY, brother of Dora Lumley
COLONEL FITZHUBERT, of "Lake View", Upper Macedon
MRS FITZHUBERT
THE HON. MICHAEL FITZHUBERT, about 18
ALBERT CRUNDALL, coachman at "Lake View", about 20
MRS CUTLER, wife of the gardener at "Lake View"
MRS BUMPHER, Sergeant Bumpher's wife
WOMAN'S VOICE

SCHOOL GIRLS
LOCALS & BUCOLICS
SEARCHERS
POLICE DOG-HANDLER
POLICEMEN
BLACK TRACKER
REPORTER
MUSICIANS, GUESTS, FOOTMAN, MAIDS, at "Lake View" garden party
MIDDLE-AGED COUPLE
MR HUSSEY'S ASSISTANT
SMALL BOY, outside Woodend church

"PICNIC AT HANGING ROCK"

SCREENPLAY DAYS

DAY NOS	SCENE NOS
1	1 thru 26
2	27 thru 34a
3	35 thru 42
4	43
6	44 thru 45D
7	46 thru 53
8	54 thru 65
9	66 thru 78
10 thru 15	78a thru 78D
16	79
20	80 thru 81
23	82
25	83 thru 83a
30	84 thru 89
35	90
52	91 thru 93
54	94 thru 102a
57	103 thru 106a
58	107 thru 111

1 EXT. HANGING ROCK. DAY 1

SOUND

PRACTICALLY NOTHING, EXCEPT PERHAPS A FAINT LIGHT WHISPER OF WIND - BUT HARDLY THERE - JUST A ZEPHYR.

AN AERIAL SHOT OF THE PEAKS AND SLOPES AND CAVERNS OF HANGING ROCK. STANDING UP OUT OF THE SURROUNDING LANDSCAPE OF PADDOCKS AND BUSH APPROACHING, DRIFTING, LIFTING AND DIPPING LIGHTLY AND FREELY AS IF CAUGHT MOMENTARILY ON THE AIR CURRENTS. A BIRD'S EYE VIEW: THE CAMERA IS A FALCON, HOVERING AND DRIFTING ACROSS THE MONOLITH.

WOMEN'S VOICE

On a summer's day in the year 1900, a party of school girls set out to picnic at Hanging Rock in the State of Victoria.

DOWN, DOWN, GENTLY DOWN, EVER SO SLOWLY AND LIGHTLY; THROUGH THE TREES, DOWN ....

THE SHOT IS GROUNDED. ON AN OPEN AREA CLOSE TO THE SUMMIT.

WE ARE CLOSING IN. CLOSER AND CLOSER. SLOWLY, ALMOST IMPERCEPTIBLY .....

TO A CLOSE CLOSE-UP. INSECTS. THE ENORMOUS HEAD AND MANDIBLES OF A GREAT RED BULL-ANT.

WOMEN'S VOICE

Several members of the party were never to return.

A TEXTURE OF COARSE BARK AND GRANULATED SOIL AND THICK WOODY GRASS STEMS AND SOME FORM OF UNIDENTIFIED MATERIAL. SEETHING WITH INSECT LIFE. FAT WHITE GRUBS, SLATERS, WOODLICE, SMALL SPIDERS. A MACRO WORLD OF CRUEL TERROR AND INEVITABLE EVIL. THERE IS NO MUSIC. INSTEAD THE SOUND TRACK IS FULL OF THE SCRATCHINGS AND SCRABBLINGS OF ANOTHER WORLD.

WOMEN'S VOICE

To this day their disappearance remains mystery.

THE SHOT IS WIDER. THE UNIDENTIFIED MATERIAL IS NOW SEEN AS A PIECE OF LINEN, GREYISH-WHITE, SEMI-ROTTEN, EDGED WITH TORN LACE; PERHAPS A FRAGMENT FROM THE LEG OF A PAIR OF GIRL'S PANTALOONS.

THE SCRATCHING INSECT NOISES ARE LIFTING IN VOLUME, BRIDGING TO THE NEXT SCENE.

2 . INT. COLLEGE - MIRANDA'S & SARA'S BEDROOM 2

EARLY MORNING

FX.

THE SCRATCHING INSECT NOISES ARE LOUD NOW - BRIDING FROM THE PREVIOUS SCENE - INTRUSIVE.

A GOLDEN HEAD ON A LACE PILLOW. IN SLATTED SHADOW. MIRANDA.

HER EYES OPEN.

FX.

THE INSECT NOISES HAVE GONE - JUST LIKE THAT. BIRD NOISES - LOW - DRIFT IN.

SUPER OPEPING TITLES

AND CONTINUE THROUGH THIS SEQUENCE

VOICES

WHISPERED LINES FROM ST. VALENTINE CARDS TOUCHING THE SOUND TRACK THROUGH THE SEQUENCE.

2a Deleted.

2b INT. COLLEGE. MIRANDA'S & SARA'S ROOM. EARLY MORNING 2b

NIGHT-DRESSED, FRAIL LITTLE SARA IS IN SLATTED SHADOW AT THE SHUTTERED WINDOW. HER HAND PULLS THE SLIDING SHUTTER OPEN: A VERTICAL KNIFE-EDGED WIPE OF GOLDEN-WHITE LIGHT BURNS HORIZONTALLY ACROSS THE SCREEN. OUR ONLY RELIEF IS THE BLACK SILHOUETTE THAT IS SARA.

SOUND

THROUGHOUT THIS GETTING-UP / TITLES SEQUENCE THE SUBTLE NATURAL INDIVIDUAL SOUNDS ARE SEPERATED AND ACCENTUATED - ALMOST CONTRAPUNTAL TO THE LYRICALLY SOFT VISUALS.

2c. INT. COLLEGE - IRMA'S BATHROOM. EARLY MORNING 2c

WATER POURS FROM A JUG INTO A MATCHING WHITE CHINA BOWL. IRMA BEGINS DELICATELY WASHING HER FACE IN THE LITTLE ALCOVE OFF HER BEDROOM

2d. INT. COLLEGE - EDITH'S BEDROOM. EARLY MORNING 2d

EDITH IS SITTING UP IN BED COUNTING ST. VALENTINE CARDS

EDITH

One, two, three, four, five.....

SHE STILL HAS A LOT TO COUNT.

2E INT. COLLEGE - BATHROOM *2E*

ROSAMUND PARTNAKED, PART COVERED BY A LUXORIOUS TOWEL TURNS ON A BIG BRASS TAP, THEN THE SECOND BIG BRASS TAP OVER THE PANELLING ENCASED BATH. STEAM RISES UP AND ENVELOPES HER.

2f. INT. COLLEGE - MIRANDAS AND SARA'S BEDROOM 2f
EARLY MORNING

MIRANDA IS SITTING ON HER BED STARING OUT OF THE WINDOW

FX

THE BIRD CALL OUTSIDE IS CLEAR AND PURE AND LOUD AND PRIMITIVE

MIRANDA'S GOLDEN HEAD IS THE SUN

2g. INT. COLLEGE - MARION'S BEDROOM. EARLY MORNING. 2g

MARION IS COMPLETING THE FASTENING OF HER BUTTON-UP BOOTS - A METHODICAL, MECHANCIAL ROUTINE. SHE PICKS UP HER GLASSES, BREATHES UPON THEM, RUBS THEM WIHT A TINY SQUARE OF CHAMOIS LEATHER HOLDS THEM TO THE LIGHT TO CHECK THAT THEY ARE SPARKLING CLEAN, THEN PLACES THEM SQUARELY ON HER FACE. READY TO FACE THE WORLD.

2i INT. COLLEGE. MIRANDA'S BEDROOM. EARLY MORNING. 2i

A CHINA WASHING BOWL FILLED WITH WATER AND FLOATING FLOWERS. MIRANDA DRIFTS INTO SHOT, BEGINS WASHING HER FACE IN THE FLOWER-FILLED WATER.

2j INT.COLLEGE - BLANCHE & ROSAMUND'S BEDROOM 2j
EARLY MORNING

ROSAMUND IN A PETTICOAT, POSING BEFORE A MIRROR, HOLDING A DRESS IN FRONT OF HER. BLANCHE, DRESSING BEYOND HER SEES WHAT ROSAMUND IS UP TO, COMES ACROSS SNATCHES BACK HER DRESS.

2k INT. APPLEYARD COLLEGE. EARLY MORNING 2k

TWO BEAUTIFUL HEADS OF TOUSLED HAIR FILL THE FRAME READING A ST. VALENTINE CARD.

TWO GIRLS

(A Whisper)
"One for sorrow
two for joy ....."

2l INT. COLLEGE - OTHER BEDROOMS. EARLY MORNING 2l

JUNIOR GIRLS DRESSING: PULLING ON STOCKINGS, SMOOTHING DOWN BODICES, TYING RIBBONS. GOLD-FLECKED SHAFTS OF LIGHT AND TUMBLED SNOWY BED LINEN. LAWN AND LACE AND BARE LEGS AND NEWLY BUDDING BREASTS AND SHINNING, CASCADING HAIR. JOYOUS, CALM, INNOCENT SENSUALITY.

DELETE PAGE 2B

2Q Contd 2Q

IN HER SUMMERY PICNIC DRESS.

DIANNE

(SMILING SWEETLY)
Bonjour Miss Lumley.

MISS LUMLEY

Good morning, Mam'selle de Portiers.

MISS LUMLEY'S TIGHT COLD SMILE TO DIANNE MEANS:
"YOU WERE WITH THESE GIRLS, MAM'SELLE, WHY DIDN'T YOU KEEP THEM QUIET?"
DIANNE'S SMILE BACK COULD BE INTERPRETED AS:
"TODAY IS ST. VALENTINE'S DAY, AND BESIDES, WE ARE GOING ON A PICNIC. WHY DON'T YOU STOP NAGGING?"

DIANNE MOVES PAST, ON HER WAY TO THE DINING ROOM. THE LAST GIRL TO PASS MISS LUMLEY IS ALSO THE YOUNGEST: SAD LITTLE SARA MAYBOURNE. SHE IS WAYLAID BY MISS LUMLEY

MISS LUMLEY

I believe Mrs Appleyard has decided that you are not to go on the picnic, Sara.

SARA LOOKS AT MISS LUMLEY. SHE SAYS NOTHING.

MISS LUMLEY

(SMILING OBLIQUELY)
That makes two of us.

SARA DOESN'T ANSWER. MISS LUMLEY STANDS TO ONE SIDE, ALLOWING SARA TO GO THROUGH TOWARDS THE DINING ROOM, WATCHES HER FOR A MOMENT, THEN FOLLOWS.

DELETE SC NO 2R

3. INT. COLLEGE DINING ROOM. EARLY MORNING 3.

THE GIRLS ARE MOVING INTO THE DINING ROOM, SEATING THEMSELVES, STILL EXCITEDLY SHOWING THEIR CARDS.

ISOLATED IN HER OWN POOL OF GOLDEN LIGHT, MIRANDA IS GAZING DREAMILY OUT AT THE SUNLIT GARDEN.

THE MAIDS -- ALICE AND MINJIE -- ARE BEGINNING TO SERVE BREAKFAST.

THE GIRLS ARE EATING BREAKFAST - ALMOST BREATHLESS WITH EXCITEMENT.

4. INT. COLLEGE -- MIRANDA'S AND SARA'S BEDROOM 4.

MIRANDA, SITTING IN FRONT OF A MIRROR, BRUSHING OUT HER LONG GOLDEN HAIR.

MIRANDA

(SINGLING)
See the little horse,
My little horse,
Trotting down the paddock
On his fine white feet.
Black horse, white horse,
Brown horse, grey;
Trotting down the paddock
On a bright sunny day ....

4. Contd

4.

STANDING OPEN ON THE DRESSING-TABLE IN FRONT OF MIRANDA IS THE HOME-MADE ST. VALENTINE'S CARD. BEYOND HER, SITTING ON A BED, STARING OUT OF THE WINDOW, IS SARA.

MIRANDA

Some day, Sara, you shall come home with me, to the station and see my sweet funny family for yourself. Would you like that?

NO RESPONSE FROM SARA.

MIRANDA IS STILL BRUSHING HER HAIR. IN THE MIRROR, SHE SEES SARA TURN HER HEAD, WATCHING THE SLOW, METHODICAL BRUSHING. MIRANDA SPEAKS TO THE SARA IN THE MIRROR.

CONTD AS PER SCRIPT WITH PAGE 6. SCENE 4

MIRANDA

You must learn to love someone else apart from me, Sara. I won't be here much longer.

SARA LOOKS AT HER A MOMENT LONGER -- UNBLINKING -- THEN TURNS HER FACE BACK TO THE WINDOW

ROSAMUND AND IRMA COME INTO THE ROOM. SARA EXCLUDES THEM.

ROSAMUND

What do you think, Miranda?

MIRANDA LOOKS UP. THEY SEE HER FACE REFLECTED IN THE MIRROR.

ROSAMUND

Somebody had the nerve to send Miss McCraw a card on squared paper, covered with tiny sums.

MIRANDA"S FACE REFLECTED IN THE MORROR. HOLD THE MOMENT.

5. COLLEGE GROUNDS. MORNING 5.

THE OUTDOOR DUNNY -- A SIMPLE TIMBER GUARD-HOUSE SET AMID GARDEN GREENERY. THE LID INSIDE CAN BE HEARD TO THUMP DOWN, THE DOOR OPENS, AND OUT COMES MISS GRETA McCRAW, MAAHEMATICS MISTRESS, STIFF, ANGULAR AND OLD FASHIONED. WE FOLLOW HER AS SHE WALKS SEDATELY TOWARDS THE FRONT OF THE HOUSE, DRESSED IN A TATTY-FORMAL WAY FOR THE PICNIC. SHE ROUNDS THE CORNER TO SEE THE GIRLS, UNDER THE SLIGHTLY EXCITED SUPERVISION OF DIANNE, WAITING JUST OFF THE VERANDAH.

DIANNE

(TO IRMA)
.... Tais-toi, Irma .... Miss McCraw vient d'arriver.

MISS McCRAW, OBVIOUSLY COMPLETELY OUT OF HER ELEMENT SUPERVISING AN EXCURSION, ATTEMPTS A DIGNIFIED HOLIDAY SMILE, BUT IT GETS LOST ON THE WAY OUT. SUDDENLY AN IMMENSE PURPOSEFUL FIGURE, SWIMMING AND BILLOWING IN GREY SILK TAFFETA, EMERGES LIKE A GALLEON IN FULL SAIL, OUT OF THE SHADOWS ONTO THE TILED AND COLLONADED VERANDAH. THE GIRLS ARE DRAWING THEMSELVES UP IN A HALF-CIRCLE AS MRS APPLEYARD TAKES UP HER POSITION ON THE VARANDAH.

MRS APPLEYARD

Good morning, girls

THE GIRLS CURT Y AS ONE.

GIRLS

Good morning, Mrs. Appleyard.

MRS APPLEYARD

We are indeed fortunate in the weather for our picnic to Hanging Rock ...

BEGIN A SLOW, SLOW PAN ACROSS THE WAITING FEMALE FACES ROSAMUND: EXCITED

MRS APPLEYARD

(V.O.) ... I have instructed Mademoiselle that as the day is likely to be warm, you may remove your gloves after the drag has passed through Woodend ..

BLANCHE; IMPASSIVE

MRS APPLEYARD

(V.O.) .. You will partake of luncheon at the Picnic Grounds near the rock.

IRMA; EXPECTANT.

MRS APPLEYARD

(V.O.).. Once again let me remind you that the Rock itself is extremely dangerous and you are therefore forbidden to engage in any tomboy foolishness in the matter of exploration, even on the lower slopes.

CONTD AS PER SCRIPT WITH PAGE 8

.....MARION BORED

MRS APPLEYARD

(V.O.) ... I also wish to remind you that the vicinity is renowned for its venomous snakes and poisonous ants of various species ...

.....EDITH : SHE GRIMACES

MRS APPLEYARD

(V.O.) ... It is however, a geological marvel on which you will be required to write a brief essay on Monday morning ...

.....MIRANDA. SHE LOOKS UP. MIRANDA'S POINT OF VIEW: SARA'S WHITE FACE, JUST VISIBLE ON THE ROOF, BEHIND THE BALUSTRADE. MIRANDA GIVES HER A SAD SMILE AND A TINY SECRET WAVE.

MRS APPLEYARD

(V.O.) .. That is all. Have a pleasant day and try to behave yourselves in a manner to bring credit to the College ---

IRMA SHIFTS HER GLANCE FROM MRS APPLEYARD TO DIANNE. THEIR LOOKS LOCK. THEY EXCHANGE FLEETING SECRET SMILES.

MRS APPLEYARD

I shall expect you back, Miss MCraw and Mademoiselle, at about eight o'clock for a light supper.

6. EXT. COLLEGE DRIVE. MORNING 6.

MR. HUSSEYS DRAG, DRAWN BY FIVE SPLENDID BAY HORSES, IS ROLLING ALONG THE GRAVELLED TREE-LINED DRIVE IN A CLOUD OF GOLDEN DUST.

ON THE BOX SEAT, BESIDE MR. HUSSEY (LIVERY STABLE PROPRIETOR) ARE MIRANDA, IRMA AND MARION. MR HUSSEY FLICKS THE REINS AND CALLS TO HIS HORSES -- PURELY FOR SHOW.

MR HUSSEY

Giddup, Sailor, yer lazy brute.

6A. EXT. ROAD TO HANGING ROCK. MORNING 6A

V.W.S. MR HUSSEY'S DRAG IS A TINY DOT IN THE VAST WHEATEN-YELLOW LANDSCAPE.

IRMA

(V.O.) Can we take our hats ff, please, Mam'sele?

6B. EXT. ROAD TO HANGING ROCK. MORNING 6B

THE MORNING IS GROWING HOTTER. THE STRAINING SHOULDERS AND RIPPLING RUMPS OF THE HORSES ARE STAINING DARK WITH SWEAT. IRMA HAS TURNED HER HEAD TO THE INTERIOR OF THE VEHICLE.

THE VOICE COMES BACK FROM THE MOVING GLOOM.

MISS McCRAW

(V.O.) Certainly not.

MR HUSSEY PULLS OUT A BIG SPOTTED HANDKERCHIEF AND WIPES HIS NECK. TINY BEADS OF PERSPIRATION ARE STANDING OUT ON THE GIRL'S FOREHEADS.

MISS McCRAW

(V.O.) Because we are on an excursion there is no need for us to look like a wagon load of gypsies.

6C. INT. ROAD TO HANGING ROCK. MORNING 6C

INSIDE THE DRAG. A SUDDEN TRANSITION FROM LIGHT TO SHADE SHAFTS OF DUST-DANCING SUNLIGHT PIERCE THE CANVAS SIDES OF THE DRAG, BUT THE HEAVY BLACK ROOF KEEPS THE INSIDE GLOOMY. THE CIVILISED GIRLS GENTLY MOVING ABOUT TO THE MOTION OF THE VEHICLE ARE ANYTHING BUT GYPSIES. THEY ARE CHATTERING ANIMATEDLY ABOUT EVERYTHING -- ALL OF THEM -- ALL AT ONCE -- SO THAT NONE OF THE SPOKEN, SHRILLED, LAUGHED, GIGGLED AND WHISPERED WORDS ARE DISCERNIBLE. MISS McCRAW AND DIANNE ARE SITTING TOGETHER. DUST IS SEEPING IN, PENETRATING TO EYES AND HAIR AND THE AIR IN THE ENCLOSED SPACE IS BEGINNING TO GROW STIFLING. MISS McCRAW SPEAKS, OSTENSIBLY TO DIANNE, BUT IN FACT TO ANYONE -- OR NO-ONE. HER HARD MURMUR PENETRATES BOTH THE GLOOM AND THE NOTES.

MISS McCRAW

This we do for pleasure. So that we may shortly be at the mercy of venomous snakes and poisonous ants --- How foolish can human creatures be!

DIANNE DOESN'T REPLY. BUT A TINY SMILE TOUCHES HER LIPS

6D EXT. WOODEND MAIN STREET. DAY 6D

HUSSEY'S DRAY RATTLING ALONG THE ALMOST DESERTED MAIN STREET.

IRMA WAVES FROM THE BOX SEAT. AN OLD MAN SITTING OUTSIDE THE PUB NODS HIS HEAD.

CONTINUE AS PER SCRIPT FROM PAGE 9 SCENE 7.

IRMA

Can we take our hats off, please Mam'selle?

THE VOICE COMES BACK FROM THE MOVING GLOOM

MISS McCRAW

(V.O.) Certainly not. Because we are on an excursion there is no need for us to look like a wagon load of gypsies.

THE GIRLS EXCHANGE AMUSED/WEARY/EXASPERATED GLANCES.

INSIDE THE DRAG. A SUDDEN TRANSITION FROM LIGHT TO SHADE. SHAFTS OF DUST-DANCING SUNLIGHT PIERCE THE CANVAS SIDES OF THE DRAG, BUT THE HEAVY BLACK ROOF KEEPS THE INSIDE GLOOMY. THE GIRLS GENTLY MOVING ABOUT TO THE MOTION OF THE VEHICLE ARE CHATTERING ANIMATEDLY ABOUT EVERYTHING -- ALL OF THEM -- ALL AT ONCE -- SO THAT NONE OF THE SPOKEN, SHRILLED, LAUGHED, GIGGLED AND WHISPERED WORDS ARE DISCERNIBLE. MISS McCRAW AND DIANNE ARE SITTING TOGETHER. DUST IS SEEPING IN, PENETRATING TO EYES AND HAIR AND THE AIR IN THE ENCLOSED SPACE IS BEGINNING TO GROW STIFLING. MISS McCRAW SPEAKS, OSTENSIBLY TO DIANNE, BUT IN FACT TO ANYONE -- OR NO-ONE. HER HARD MURMUR PENETRATES BOTH THE GLOOM AND THE NOISE.

MISS McCRAW

And this we do for pleasure. So that we may shortly be at the mercy of venomous snakes and poisonous ants ... How foolish can human creatures be!

DIANNE DOESN'T REPLY. BUT A TINY SMILE TOUCHES HER LIPS

7. INT. COLLEGE -- HEADMISTRESS'S STUDY MORNING 7.

THE STUDY DOOR OPENS, BISECTING THE GLOOM WITH MUTED LIGHT. MRS APPLEYARD COMES IN, SHUTS THE DOOR, MOVES ACROSS THE DIM, HEAVILY-FURNISHED ROOM, PULLS BACK THE CURTAINS. SUNLIGHT, DAPPLED GREEN FROM THE GARDEN OUTSIDE, FALLS ACROSS THE TOP OF THE BIG, HANDSOME, DARK-STAINED DESK. MRS APPLEYARD MOVES BEHIND THE DESK, OPENS A DRAWER, TAKES OUT A LARGE, LEATHER-COVERED LEDGER, PLACES IT ON THE DESK, CLOSES THE DRAWER, SITS DOWN.

A FLY IS CRAWLING ACROSS THE WINDOW.

MRS APPLEYARD DOESN'T OPEN THE LEDGER. SHE SITS STARING AT NOTHING FOR A LONG MOMENT. THEN SHE STANDS, WALKS ACROSS TO THE WINDOW AND LOOKS OUT, STARING THROUGH AND

As at 28.1.75

PLEASE NOTE THE FOLLOWING SCRIPT CHANGES

DELETE SCENES 79C
83
83b
21A
108

7A. INT. COLLEGE EXTERIOR - MORNING 7A

MRS APPLEYARD'S P.O.V.: MR WHITEHEAD THE GARDNER, SCRABBLING AROUND A FLOWER BED. THE GARDEN IS HOT AND GREEN AND LIVING.

MRS. APPLEYARD IS DEPRESSED.

7B EXT. ROAD TO HANGING ROCK DAY 7B

THE DRAG MOVING AT A FAIR PACE CLATTERS DOWN A LEAFY LANE.

7C INT ROAD TO HANGING ROCK MIDDAY 7C

HUSSEY
(LOOKING AT THE SUN)
It must be nearly 12 o'clock - we haven't done too badly so far ladies -- I swore I'd have you back at the College by eight o'clock.

MISS McCRAW
There is no reason why we should be late even if we linger an extra hour at the Rock. Mr. Hussey knows as well as I do that two sides of a triangle are together greater than the third. This morning we have driven along two sides of a triangle ---- am I correct Mr. Hussey?

HUSSEY NODS IN DAZED AGREEMENT

MISS McCRAW
Very well then -- you have only to change your route this afternoon and return by the third side, the return journey will be along the hypotenuse.

HUSSEY
I don't know about the hippopotamus ma'am but if you're thinking of the camel hump its a bloomin' sight longer road than the one we came by ---- arithmetic or not.

MISS McCRAW

It's Pythagoras Mr. Hussey.
Marion, can you hear me up front there?
You know what I mean I hope?

MARION HAS BEEN LISTENING INTENTLY BUT HUSSEY SHAKES HIS HEAD.

7A. INT. COLLEGE EXTERIOR - MORNING 7A

MRS APPLEYARD'S P.O.V.: MR WHITEHEAD THE GARDNER, SCRABBLING AROUND A FLOWER BED. THE GARDEN IS HOT AND GREEN AND LIVING.

MRS. APPLEYARD IS DEPRESSED.

8. EXT ROAD TO HANGING ROCK MIDDAY 8.

THE DRAG, SPANKING ALONG THE DUSTY, SHADE-SPECKLED ROAD, APPROACHING HANGING ROCK. WE SEE THE ROCK OVER MR HUSSEY'S SHOULDER, APPEARING FLEETINGLY BETWEEN MOVING TREES, THEN CLEARLY, FOR SEVERAL SECONDS AT A TIME. DOMINATING THE LANDSCAPE.

MR HUSSEY

There she is, girls. Hanging Rock.

MR HUSSEY'S WHIP RISES TO INDICATE THE AWESOME SIGHT.

MR. HUSSEY

More than five hundred feet high, she is. Volcanic, o'course ...

THE GIRLS -- AND THE TWO TEACHERS -- ARE PUSHING FORWARD TO SEE.

MR. HUSSEY

... Thousands o'years old

MISS McCRAW

A million years old, Mr. Hussey. Or thereabouts.

MR HUSSEY

Yes, well o'course that'd be right. Thousands, millions... Devil of a long time, anyway. After a manner of speakin'...

MISS McCRAW

(QUIETLY, ALMOST NOSTALGICALLY)
Only a million years ago. Quite a recent eruption, really. The rocks all round -- Mount Macedon itself -- must be all of 350 million years old ...

MISS McCRAW IS AWAY. ONLY MARION, AS SEEKER OF ALL TRUTHS, IS REALLY INTERESTED. BUT MISS McCRAW CONTINUES IN HER HARSH DRY MURMUR. A STRANGE REVERENTIAL TONE IN HER VOICE.

8. Contd 8.

MISS McCRAW

Silicious lava, forced up from deep down below. Soda trachytes extruded in a highly viscous state, building the steep sided mametons we see in Hanging Rock.

MR HUSSEY, ALMOST DROWSING, HAS LONG BEEN LEFT BEHIND IN TECHNICALITIES.

THE DRAG RATTLES AND JOGS ALONG, THE GREAT ROCK ITSELF, CLEARLY VISIBLE NOW, STANDING HIGH OUT OF THE PLAIN, BEARING TOWERING WITNESS TO THE TRUTH OF MISS McCRAW'S MOMOTONE.

MISS McCRAW

And quite young, geologically speaking. Barely a million years.

IRMA HAS BEEN TOUCHED BY THE GRANDEUR.

IRMA

Waiting a million years for us to come and enjoy our picnic.

MISS McCRAW SAYS NOTHING. HER THOUGHTS ARE HOODED NOW BUT THERE IS A STRANGE, UNREAL GLEAM IN HER EYES.

FX

THE SOUND OF CICADAS -- NOT LOUD -- JUST INSINUATING THEMSELVES ABOVE THE PAD OF HORSES' HOOVES ON DUST AND THE CREAK OF THE WHEELS. THE CICADAS BRIDGE TO THE NEXT SCENE.

9. EXT. CREEK BELOW HANGING ROCK. MIDDAY 9.

FX

CICADAS -- A TOUCH LOUDER -- A CONSTANT SHRILL BACKGROUND -- BUT STILL HELD LOW.

A SHINING WAGONETTE IS DRAWN UP NEAR THE CREEK. AN ELABORATE PICNIC. A LITTLE WOMAN IS AN ELABORATE SILK DRESS -- MRS FITZHUBERT -- A STOUT, BEWHISKERED RED-FACED MAN WEARING A SOLAR TOPEE -- COLONEL FITZHUBERT -- AND A YOUNG MAN IN RIDING BREECHES -- THEIR NEPHEW, THE HON. MICHAEL FITZHUBERT -- ARE FINISHING THEIR LUNCH. BEHIND THEM IS THE MAGNIFICENT BACKDROP OF THE HANDING ROCK. AL THREE PEOPLE ARE DRINKING TEA.

9. Contd 9.

MRS FITZHUBERT

Any more cake, Michael?

MICHAEL

No thank you, Aunt

THE TEA DRINKING CONTINUES, IN TOTAL SILENCE FROM THE PEOPLE, THOUGH THE CONSTANT HUM OF CICADAS POPULATES THE HOT STILL AIR, THE LONG MOMENT OF INACTIVITY CONTINUES; SEEMINGLY INTERMINABLY. FINALLY, MICHAEL SETS DOWN HIS CUP AND SAUCER; STANDS.

MICHAEL

I think I'll just stretch my legs, Aunt.

MRS FITZHUBERT

(ALMOST DROWSILY)
All right, Michael. But don't go too far. And be careful.. There could be snakes.

MICHAEL NODS MOVES TOWARDS THE CREEK. COLONEL FITZHUBERT HAS SAID NOTHING. HE IS JUST SITTING THERE. HIS EYES BENEATH THE SHADING PITH COULD BE GLASS.

9A. EXT. LARGE TREE- HANGING ROCK. DAY 9A

MICHAEL HAS REACHED THE CREEK. SITTING WITH HIS BACK TO A LARGE TREE, OUT OF VIEW OF THE PICNIC PARTY, IS ALBERT CRUNDALL, THE FITZHUBERT'S COACHMAN. AS MICHAEL COMES INTO SIGHT HE LIFTS AN OPENED BOTTLE OF BEER TO HIS LIPS, SWIGS DEEPLY, LOWERS IT BACK BETWEEN HIS KNEES, THEN CONTINUES EATING THE LARGE WEDGE OF EGG AND BACON PIE HE IS HOLDING IN HIS OTHER HAND.

ALBERT

How's it goin?

MICHAEL

All right

MICHAEL IS STANDING THERE A LITTLE AWKWARDLY. HE FEELS A TOUCH OUT OF PLACE. ALBERT INDICATES THE TWO OLDER PEOPLE WITH HIS HEAD.

ALBERT

Finished eatin', have they?

9. Contd 9.

MICHAEL

Pardon?

ALBERT

The colonel and the missus.
Finished eatin', have they?

MICHAEL

Er, yes. Yes, they have.

ALBERT

Expect me up there, any minute, I'
'spose. To clear away.

ALBERT TAKES ANOTHER PULL ON THE BOTTLE, MICHAEL'S EYES WATCHING ITS RISE AND FALL

ALBERT

Can't be more'n midday.

MICHAEL

No. (PAUSE)
I thought it was a little early
for lunch, myself.

ALBERT DRINKS AS BEFORE, MICHAEL WATCHING AS BEFORE. ALBERT REALISING PROFFERS THE BOTTLE.

ALBERT

Like a drink?

MICHAEL HESITATES A MOMENT, THEN TAKES THE BOTTLE

MICHAEL

Thanks.

MICHAEL WIPES THE TOP OF THE BOTTLE WITH THE PALM OF HIS HAND, LIFTS IT A TOUCH DISTASTEFULLY TO HIS LIPS, TILTS, TASTES, THEN DRINKS DEEPLY.

ALBERT

They always allow an hour longer'n it takes to get here. Then they've gotta eat straight away ..

MICHAEL IS RETURNING THE BOTTLE.

MICHAEL

Thanks.

ALBERT WIPES THE TOP OF THE BOTTLE, TAKES ANOTHER GLUG, THEN HANDS IT BACK TO MICHAEL, WHO ACCEPTS IT READILY THIS TIME.

ALBERT

Not that they've got anything else to do. They never go for a walk or anything.

MICHAEL HAS RUBBED THE BOTTLE AS BEFORE AND IS DRINKING

ALBERT

I sometimes wonder why they bother. The grass back at Lake View is softer, an' there's no dust; and a dammned sight less insects ...

ALBERT IS PROBING AN ANTS' NEST WITH A STICK. HE TAKES A LAST DEEP SWIG FROM THE BOTTLE. HE IS LOOKING TOWARDS THE ENTRANCE TO THE PICNIC GROUNDS.

FX

THE BACKGROUND SOUND OF CICADAS BRIDGES TO THE NEXT SCENE.

10. EXT PICNIC GROUNDS MIDDAY 10.

FX

THE SOUND OF CICADAS BRIDGES FROM THE PREVIOUS SCENE.

THE DRAG IS APPROACHING THE PICNIC GROUNDS GATE.

MR HUSSEY

Whoa, there. Whoa!

THE DRAG STOPS, MIRANDA CLIMBS DOWN, APPROACHES THE SAGGING GATE, NOW CLOSED.

MIRANDA SKILFULLY MANIPULATES THE HEAVY, STUBBORN LATCH. IT FALLS DOWN, WITH A SHARP CLANG.

10A. EXT. PARROTS - HANGING ROCK DAY *10A*

A FLOCK OF BRILLIANTLY-COLOURED PARROTS SCREECH OUT OF A TREE INTO THE EYE OF THE FUN.

THE HORSES REAR AND PLUNGE WIDLY.

10B. EXT. PARROTS - HANGING ROCK - DAY *10B*

THE PARROTS ARE FLAPPING AND SCREECHING THEIR WAY OUT ACROSS THE DRY SUNLIT PLAIN, HEADING AND TUMBLING TOWARDS THE MISTY BLUE-GREEN OF MOUNT MACEDON.

FX

THE PERVADING EVER-PRESENT SHRILL OF THE CICADAS BRIDGING TO THE NEXT SCENE.

11. EXT. PICNIC GROUNDS. EARLY AFTERNOON *11.*

FX

THE CICADAS -- A DECIBEL LOUDER -- BRIDGE FROM THE PREVIOUS SCENE.

ANTS ARE DRAGGING AND BOWLING AND ROLLING GREAT BROWN AND BLACK AND PINK OBJECTS ACROSS THE SAND. OTHERS ARE HURRYING PAST IN THE OPPOSITE DIRECTION, UNENCUMBERED. WE FOLLOW THOSE ON THEIR URGENT OUTWARD JOURNEY. ACROSS THE GREY GRANULATED SAND, UP AND ONTO A SNOWY WHITE PLAIN, PAST SHINING GLITTERING STRUCTURES WHOSE PURPOSE CAN ONLY BE GUESSED AT, RIGHT UP TO A GREAT, PINK-COVERED HEART-SHAPE MOUNTAIN. THE ANTS ARE MAKING THEIR WAY INTO THE DARK WEDGE-SHAPED CAVERN DEEP IN THE SIDE OF THE MOUNTAIN AND EMERGING WITH BLACK-BROWN AND PINK BURDENS -- SPOILS FROM A QUARRYING ENTERPRISE.

MR. HUSSEY

(V.O.) Well, now. That's funny ...

11A. EXT. PICNIC GROUNDS - DAY *11A*

WIDEN TO SEE THE COLLEGE PICNIC PARTY: SMOKING CAMPFIRE, HORSES TETHERED OUT GRAZING BEYOND THE DRAG, LARGE WHITE TABLECLOTH COVERED WITH THE REMAINS OF LUNCH: CHICKEN PIE, ANGEL CAKE, JELLIES, BANANAS, AND A HANDSOME PINK-ICED CAKE IN THE SHAPE OF A HEART. THE TWO TEACHERS: AND THE GIRLS: INSULATED FROM NATURAL CONTACTS WITH EARTH, AIR AND SUNLIGHT, BY CORSETS PRESSING ON THE SOLAR PLEXUS, BY VOLUMINOUS PETTICOATS, COTTON STOCKINGS AND KID BOOTS. THE DROWSY WELL-FED GIRLS LOUNGING IN THE SHADE ARE NO MORE A PART OF THEIR ENVIRONMENT THAN FIGURES IN A PHOTOGRAPH ALBUM, ARBITRARILY POSED AGAINST A BACKDROP OF CORK ROCKS AND CARDBOARD TREES, AND MR HUSSY, CONFIDENT IN HIS SURROUNDINGS, HIS BACKSIDE COMFORTABLE ON THE HARD GROUND, HIS HEAD IN THE BLUE-GREY SMOKE, A PANNIKIN OF BLACK TEA IN ONE HAND, HIS OLD CHAINED POCKED-WATCH IN THE OTHER.

MR HUSSEY

..... Blowed if me watch hasn't stopped, right on twelve o'clock.

MR HUSSEY LIFTS HIS WATCH TO HIS EAR, SHAKES IT.

MR. HUSSEY

Real funny. (TO DIANNE) You wouldn't have the time I suppose, Miss?

DIANNE

Miranda - your pretty little diamond watch - can you tell us the time?

MIRANDA

I'm sorry Mam'selle. I don't wear it anymore. I can't stand hearing it ticking all day long just above my heart.

IRMA

If it were mine I'd never take it off -- not even in the bath. Would you, Mr. Hussey?

MISS McCRAW

(TAKING OUT AN OLD FASHIONED GOLD REPEATER ON A CHAIN) Stopped at twelve. Never stopped before. Could be something magnetic.

MR HUSSEY IS SQUINTING AT THE SUN.

MR HUSSEY

Be well after two, I'd say. We'll have to watch it. I promised Mrs Appleyard I'd have you lot back at the college by eight o'clock.

THE WORD "COLLEGE" TOUCHES IRMA'S EYES WITH A SLIVER OF ICE.

EDITH IS SPOONING CAKE AND CREAM INTO HER MOUTH

EDITH

Except for those people over there.....

THE WAGONETTE PARTY ON THE CREEK CAN JUST BE SEEN THROUGH THE TREES.

EDITH

.....we might be the only living creatures in the whole world.

11B. EXT. ANTS - HANGING ROCK - DAY 11B

BELYING EDITH'S WORDS, THE BATTALION OF ANTS CONTINUE THEIR CRUMB-ROLLING EXPEDITIONS ACROSS THE TABLECLOTH DRAGGING THE SPOILS TOWARDS SOME SUBTERRANEAN LARDER DANGEROUSLY SITUATED WITHIN INCHES OF BLANCHE'S YELLOW HEAD, PILLOWED ON A ROCK.

ON THE ROCKS AND GRASS, OTHER DILIGENT ANTS ARE CROSSING MINATURE SAHARAS OF DRY SAND, JUNGLES OF SEEDING GRASS IN THE NEVER ENDING TASK OF COLLECTING AND STORING FOOD. SCATTERED ABOUT AMONGST THE MOUNTAINOUS HUMAN SHAPES ARE HEAVEN-SCENT CRUMBS, CARROWAY SEEDS, A SHRED OF CRYSTALLISED GINGER -- STRANGE, EXOTIC BUT RECOGNIZABLY EDIBLE LOOT.

FX

CICADAS, BRIDGING TO THE NEXT SCENE.

2. EXT HANGING ROCK - MONTAGE. AFTERNOON 12.

FX

CICADAS, BRIDGING FROM THE PREVIOUS SCENE.

LEAVES, FLOWERS AND GRASSES GLOW AND TREMBLE UNDER THE CANOPY OF LIGHT, CLOUD SHADOWS GIVE WAY TO GOLDEN MOTES DANCING ABOVE THE POOL ON THE CREEK WHERE WTAER BEETLES SKIM AND DART.

12A IN THE FOREST AND ON THE SLOPES OF HANGING ROCK ITSELF, LIZARDS BASK ON THE HOTTEST STONES, 12A
12B LUMBERING ARMOUR-PLATED BEETLE ROLLS OVER IN THE DRY LEAVES AND LIES HELPLESSLY KICKING ON ITS BACK; 12B
12C FAT WHITE GRUBS AND FLAT GREY WOODLICE PREFER THE 12C
12D DANK SECURITY OF LAYERS OF ROTTING BARK. 12D

12E TORPID SNAKES LAY COILED IN THEIR SECRET HOLES AWAITING THE TWILIGHT HOUR; IN THE HIDDEN DEPTHS 12E
12F OF THE THICK SCRUB THE BIRDS WAIT FOR THE HEAT OF THE DAY TO PASS ... 12F

FX

AND OVERALL SHRILLS THE INTERMINABLE SUMMER SONG OF THE CICADAS, BRIDGING TO THE NEXT SCENE.

13. EXT. PICNIC GROUNDS, MID AFTERNOON 13.

FX

THE CICADAS, A TOUCH SHRILLER AND LOUDER NOW, BRIDGE FROM THE PREVIOUS SCENE.

THE PICNIC HAS BEEN CLEARED AWAY. SOME OF THE GIRLS ARE WANDERING ABOUT IN TWOS AND THREES -- BUT NEVER OUT OF SIGHT OF THE DRAG -- OTHERS, DRUGGED WITH RICH FOOD AND SUNSHINE -- ARE SITTING AND LYING ABOUT, DOZING AND DAYDREAMING. ROSAMUND HAS PRODUCED SOME FANCYWORK, BLANCHE IS ALREADY ASLEEP. ONE OF THE GIRLS IS SKETCHING MISS McGRAW -- TOO EASY TO CARICATURE SITTING BOLT UPRIGHT ON A FALLEN LOG, HER NOSE STILL DEEP IN THE BOOK. MR HUSSEY HAS GONE OFF FOR A STROLL SOMEWHERE, DIANNE IS RELAXED AT FULL LENGTH ON THE GRASS, SEEMINGLY ASLEEP, HER BLOND HAIR FALLING ABOUT HER FACE. IRMA AND MIRANDA ARE SITTING OPPOSITE HER, IRMA DELICATELY PEELING AN APRICOT WITH A SMALL FRUIT KNIFE.

MARION

Excuse me, Mam'selle

MR HUSSEY GOES ACROSS TO THE ALMOST DEAD FIRE, PICKS UP THE TWO SQUARE SMOKE-BLACKENED WATER CANS BY THEIR HANDLES.

DIANNE

Yes, Marion

MARION

I should like to make a few measurements at the base of the rock if we have time -- with Miranda and Irma

DIANNE ISN'T TOO SURE.

IRMA

Please, Mam'selle. We'll be back long before tea.

DIANNE LOOKS TOWARDS MISS McGRAW BUT SHE IS TOTALLY ENGROSSED IN HER BOOK -- OR APPEARS TO BE. DIANNE LOOKS BACK; SMILES, NODS. SUDDENLY EDITH APPEARS, SEEMINGLY FROM NOWHERE.

EDITH

May I come too? Please ....

THE THREE SENIORS EXCHANGE GLANCES, NOD. FINALLY IRMA TURNS TO EDITH SMILES.

13. Contd 13.

IRMA

Yes, of course you can. So long as you don't complain.

EDITH

I won't. I promise.

MIRANDA

And don't worry about us, Mam'selle dear. We shall only be gone a little while.

DIANNE STANDS AND WATCHES AS THE FOUR GIRLS WALK OFF TOWARDS THE CREEK; MIRANDA A LITTLE AHEAD GLIDING THROUGH TALL GRASSES THAT BRUSH HER PALE SKIRTS, MARION AND IRMA FOLLOWING ARM IN ARM WITH EDITH BUMBLING ALONG IN THE REAR.

WHEN THEY REACH THE CLUMP OF RUSHES WHERE THE STREAM CHANGES ITS COURSE, MIRANDA STOPS, TURNS HER SHINING HEAD AND GRAVELY SMILES AT DIANNE WHO SMILES BACK AND WAVES, AND STANDS THERE SMILING AND WAVING UNTIL THEY ARE OUT OF SIGHT AROUND THE BEND.

DIANNE

Mon Dieu! Now I know .....

MISS McCRAW's SHARP PEERING FACE SUDDENLY APPEARS OVER THE EDGE OF HER BOOK.

MISS McCRAW

What do you know?

DIANNE

I know .....

DIANNE IS SUDDENLY EMBARRASSED. BUT SHE GOES ON, NEVER-THE-LESS.

DIANNE

I know ...
(ALMOST TO HERSELF)
I know that Miranda is a Botticelli angel, from the Uffizzi .....

Delete in Irmas speech " YES, OF COURSE YOU CAN"

Delete in second paragraph of description last two lines - "AND STANDS THERE SMILING AND WAVING UNTIL THEY ARE OUT OF SIGHT AROUND THE BEND"

and add.

CUT TO C.U. A PAGE IN A BOOK ON DIANNE'S LAP - A BOTTICELLI ANGEL.

Delete in Dianne's last speech - "FROM THE UFFIZZI"

13A. EXT. FOREST BELOW HANGING ROCK. MID AFTERNOON 13A

FX

CICADAS - BRIDGING FROM THE PREVIOUS SCENE.

A BURST OF WILD FREEDOM. THE FOUR GIRLS - MIRANDA, MARION AND IRMA, WITH EDITH TRAILING BEHIND - ARE RUNNING HELTER SKELTER THROUGH THE FERNS. WE GLIMPSE THEM FOR A MOMENT, BEAUTIFULLY INCONGRIOUS IN THEIR STARCHED AND IMPRACTICAL VICTORIAN CLOTHES, THEN THEY ARE GONE.

FX

CICADAS - BRIDGING FROM THE PREVIOUS SCENE

14. EXT. CREEK BELOW HANGING ROCK MID AFTERN(14

FX

THE CICADAS -- BRIDGING FROM THE PREVIOUS SCENE.

THE FOUR GIRLS ARE MOVING ALONG, FOLLOWING THE WINDING COURSE OF THE CREEK. MIRANDA, MARION, IRMA ALREADY TAGGING ALONG A LITTLE WAY BEHIND EDITH. BREATHLESS, EXCITED, PINK-CHEEKED FROM RUNNING MIRANDA PAUSES, LOOKING UP THE CREEK, AND BACK.

CONTD AS PER SCRIPT

13.Contd 13.

MISS McCRAW LOOKS AT DIANNE STRANGELY. THEN SHE LOOKS IN THE DIRECTION TAKEN BY THE FOUR GIRLS, BUT HER HOODED EYES BETRAY NOTHING. THEN SHE RETURNS TO HER BOOK.

DIANNE LIES DOWN AGAIN, ON HER BACK, STARING UPWARDS INTO THE TREES. SHE NIBBLES A STALK OF DRY GRASS. NOTHING, FOR A LONG, LONG, MINUTE. SHE IS ALMOST ASLEEP. WITH A GREAT EFFORT OF WILLPOWER SHE TURNS OVER ONTO HER STOMACh. THE GIRL SKETCHING IS ASLEEP. ROSAMUND IS ASLEEP OVER HER EMBROIDERY. BLANCHE IS STILL ASLEEP. EVERYONE IS ASLEEP EXCEPT DIANNE AND MISS McCRAW. DIANNE, HER SENSE OF RESPONSIBILITY BATTLING HER TOTAL FEELING OF LANGOUR, BEGINS COUNTING THE SLEEPING GIRLS. NINETEEN. APART FROM EDITH AND THE THREE SENIORS, THAT IS EVERYONE. DIANNE LOWERS HER HEAD, RELAXES, AND FALLS ASLEEP. MISS McCRAW IS THE ONLY PERSON AWAKE. WITHOUT LOOKING UP, SHE ABRUPTLY TURNS OVER THE PAGE OF HER BOOK AND CREASES IT DECISIVELY.

FX

THE CICADAS SHRILL ON -- FOREVER -- BRIDGING TO THE NEXT SCENE.

14. EXT. CREEK BELOW HANGING ROCK MID AFTERNOON 14.

FX

THE CICADAS -- BRIDGING FROM THE PPEVIOUS SCENE.

THE FOUR GIRLS ARE MOVING ALONG, FOLLOWING THE WINDING COURSE OF THE CREEK. MIRANDA, MARION, IRMA; AND ALREADY TAGGING ALONG A LITTLE WAY BEHIND, EDITH. MIRANDA PAUSES, LOOKING UP THE CREEK, AND BACK.

MIRANDA

We really must find a suitable place to cross over ....

THE OTHERS STOP. EDITH CATCHES UP.

MIRANDA

... or we shall see nothing at all before we have to turn back.

IRMA LOOKS UP. THE HANGING ROCK IS TANTALIZINGLY HIDDEN BEHIND A SCREEN OF TALL FOREST TREES. MARION LOOKS ALONG THE CREEK. IT IS GETTING WIDER AS IT APPROACHES THE POOL. SHE GAUGES THE WIDTH WHERE THEY ARE STANDING.

14. Contd 14.

MARION

At least four feet ----

THERE ARE NO STEPPING STONES.

IRMA

I vote we take a flying leap and hope forthe best.

IRMA GATHERS UP HER SKIRTS

MIRANDA

Can you manage it, Edith?

EDITH'S FRIGHTENED LITTLE EYES ARE MEASURING THE GAP

EDITH

I don't know. I don't want to wet my feet.

MARION

Why not?

EDITH

Because I might get pneumonia and die, and then you'd stop teasing me and be sorry.

MARION AND MIRANDA EXCHANGE EXASPERATED GLANCES.

IRMA

(KINDLY)
I'll go first, Edith. Then you can follow. I'll catch you and help you up the bank.

EDITH NODS. NOT TOO SURE, BUT SHE'LL TRY. IRMA GIVES HER AN ENCOURAGING SMILE, GATHERS HER SKIRTS UP ONCE MORE AND JUMPS ACROSS, CLEARING IT EASILY AND LANDING DAINTILY ON THE OTHER SIDE.

14. Contd 14.

ALBERT

(V.O.) A WHISTLE. NOT A WOLF-WHISTLE. MORE LIKE A DROVER WHISTLING HIS DOG.

PULL BACK VERY WIDE. ALBERT AND MICHAEL ARE BY THE CREEK FURTHER DOWN-STREAM. WE REALISE THE PREVIOUS SHOT WAS THEIR P.O.V. ALBERT IS WASHING CHAMPAGNE GLASSES IN THE POOL. THE COLONEL AND MRS. FITZHUBERT ARE IN THE BACKGROUND, ASLEEP. ALBERT AND MICHAEL ARE WATCHING AS EDITH IS COAXED BY THE OTHER GIRLS TO JUMP AND FINALLY DOES SO -- SUCCESSFULLY, IRMA CATCHING HER.

ALBERT

I thought the little fat one was going to take a bath.

MICHAEL GRINS. MARION JUMPS ACROSS

ALBERT

A couple of 'em are real lookers.

MIRANDA IS ABOUT TO JUMP ACROSS. MICHAEL IS WATCHING INTENTLY. HE IS IMMEDIATELY ATTRACTED TO MIRANDA -- FOR SOME REASON HE COULD NEVER EXPLAIN. MICHAEL HOLDS HIS BREATH. MIRANDA JUMPS, EASILY AND GRACEFULLY, HER LONG GOLDEN HAIR FLOWING OUT BEHIND -- GLINTING AGAINST THE DARK WATER.

ALBERT

Look at the front on that dark one with the curls. Nice little bumps, eh?

MICHAEL DOESN'T ANSWER.
THE GIRLS ARE MOVING ALONG THE OTHER SIDE OF THE CREEK, MIRANDA LAST.

ALBERT

And have a look at the last one. The blonde. She'd have a decent set of legs. All the way up to her bum.

MICHAEL IS STILL WATCHING THE GIRLS. HE SPEAKS WITHOUT LOOKING AT ALBERT.

14 contd 14.

MICHAEL

I'd rather you didn't say crude things like that, Albert.

ALBERT

I say the crude things.
You just think 'em.

MICHAEL LOOKS AT ALBERT, ALMOST ANGRY, BLUSHING. ALBERT TURNS, WINKS, GRINS. MICHAEL GRINS BACK, DESPITE HIMSELF.

ALBERT

Take my word for it the sheilas all alike when it comes to the fellers don't matter if its a bloody college they come from or the Ballarat orphanage where me and me kid sister was dragged up.

MICHAEL

I didn't know you were a orphan

ALBERT

Jeez I haven't thought about that bloody dump in donkeys years

ALBERT, THE RINSED CHAMPAGNE GLASSES IN HIS HAND. STANDS

MICHAEL

I'll just stretch my legs a bit before we go.

ALBERT STANDS WATCHING A MOMENT.

HIS P.O.V.: MICHAEL ATHLETICALLY CLEARING THE CREEK, THEN DISAPPEARING INTO THE FOREST, FOLLOWING THE DIRECTION TAKEN BY THE GIRLS.

ALBERT GRINS TO HIMSELF, THEN MOVES OFF TOWARDS THE WAGONETTE AND OUT OF SHOT.

JUMP CUT TO: MICHAEL, EMERGING FROM THE FOREST. THERE IS A BELT OF THICK SCRUB.

MICHAEL'S P.O.V.: THE FOUR GIRLS ARE NOWHERE IN SIGHT. THE BUSH IS EMPTY; AND SILENT ....

FX

....SAVE FOR THE EVER PRESENT SHRILL OF THE CICADAS, BRIDGING TO THE NEXT SCENE.

15. EXT. HANGING ROCK. MID AFTERNOON 15.

FX

THE INCORRIGIBLE CICADAS, SHRILLING THE SUMMER AWAY, BRIDGING FROM THE PREVIOUS SCENE.

THE FOUR GIRLS ARE PUSHING THEIR WAY THROUGH THE SCRUB: MARION, MIRANDA, IRMA, EDITH. TWIGS AND BRAMBLES CLUTCH AT THEIR CLOTHES AS THEY PASS. UNDERFOOT THE GROUND IS ROUGH AND ROCKY, SOFT AND MOSSY BY TURN; STREWN WITH ROTTING WOOD AND FALLEN BRANCHES AND THICK WITH POCKETS OF DECAYING LEAVES. THE GREEN AND GOLDEN LIGHT SHAFTS DAPPLED THROUGH THE TREES. SUDDENLY AHEAD IS A SHORT GRASSY SLOPE. THE GIRLS ARE CONCENTRATING ON THE OBSTACLES UNDERFOOT. MIRANDA PAUSES, LOOKS UP.

15. Contd 15.

MIRANDA

(QUIETLY) Look .....

15A. EXT. P.O.V. HANGING ROCK. DAY 15A

THEIR P.O.V.: HANGING ROCK, BRILLIANTLY ILLUMINATED BY THE LOWERING AFTERNOON SUN: ON THE STEEP SOUTHERN FACADE THE PLAY OF GOLDEN LIGHT AND DEEP VIOLET SHADE REVEALS THE INTRICATE CONSTRUCTION OF LONG, VERTICAL SLABS, SOME SMOOTH AS GIANT TOMBSTONES, OTHERS GROOVED AND FLUTED BY PRE-HISTRORIC ARCHITECTURE OF WIND AND WATER, ICE AND FIRE. HUGE BOULDERS, ORIGINALLY SPEWED RED HOT FROM THE BOILING BOWELS OF THE EARTH, NOW COME TO REST, COOLED AND ROUNDED IN FOREST SHADE.

15B. EXT. HANGING ROCK - DAY 15B

THE GIRLS ARE CROSSING THE GRASSY SLOPE, ENTERING THE BRACKEN AT THE FOOT OFTHE STEEPENING CLIMB, LOOKING UPWARDS, THEIR FEET FINDING THEIR OWN WAY THROUGH THE FERNS, THEIR HEADS TILTED UPWARDS TOWARDS THE GLITTERING PEAKS. SAYI G NOTHING, SEEMINGLY FOREVER.

THEIR FEET CUSHIONED IN SILENCE, THE ONLY NOISE THE ALL PERVADING CICADAS.

FINALLY --

MARION

McCraw says the Rock's a million years old.

THE GIRLS, THEIR ANIMAL SENSES INSULTATED BY CIVILISATION, ARE BARELY AWARE OF THE TRUE NATURE OF THEIR ENVIRONMENT ...

EDITH

A million! How can anything be that much?

... OR THE SMELLS AND SOUNDS AND TEXTURES ...

IRMA

(BLANDLY)
My Papa made a million out of a mine once -- in Brazil. He bought Mama a ruby ring.

... OF THE STRUCTURE OF HANGING ROCK ...

EDITH

Money's quite different.

....THE HORIZONTAL LEDGES CRISSCROSSING THE VERTICALS OF THE MAIN PATTERN ...

MARION

Whether Edith likes it or not, that fat little body of hers is made up of millions and millions of cells.

... OF THE HUNDREDS OF FRAIL STARLIKE FLOWERS BEING CRUSHED UNDER EDITH'S TRAMPING BOOTS ...

EDITH

Nonsense.

15C. EXT. PARROTS - HANGING ROCK - DAY 15C

... OF THE SCARLET FLASH OF A PARROT'S WING, REFLECTED FOR A MOMENT IN IRMA'S EYES, A FLAME AMONST THE LEAVES ...

15D. EXT. HANGING ROCK - DAY 15D

MARION

And what's more, you little goose, you have already lived for millions and millions of seconds.

MARION HOLDS UP ONE HAND, TWO FINGERS HALF AN INCH APART.

MARION

In the life of the world a million years is only that much.

EDITH, RED-FACED AND HOT, IS GROWING ANGRY.

EDITH

Tell her to stop, Miranda. She's making me giddy.

15E. EXT. HANGING ROCK - DAY 15E

UNAWARE OF THE FINE DETAILS OF CRENELLATED CRAGS AND LINCHEN-PATTERNED STONE, OF A MOUNTAIN LAUREL GLOSSY ABOVE THE DOGWOODS' DUSTY SILVER LEAVES ...

EDITH

Why can't we just sit down on a log and look at the ugly old Rock from here?

15F. EXT. HANGING ROCK - DAY 15F

...OF A DARK SLIT BETWEEN TWO ROCKS WHERE MAIDEN HAIR FERN TREMBLES LIKE GREEN LACE. UNCONSCIOUS OF THE STRAINS AND TENSIONS OF THE MOLTEN MASS THAT HOLDS THE MONOLITH ANCHORED TO THE GROANING EARTH...

EDITH

It's nasty here.

15F Contd 15G

EDITH

It's nasty here. I never thought it would be so nasty, or I wouldn't have come.

15G. EXT. BATS - HANGING ROCK. DAY 15G

...OF THE CREAKINGS AND SHUDDERINGS. THE WANDERING AIRS AND CURRENTS KNOWN ONLY TO THE LITTLE BATS, HANGING UPSIDE DOWN IN THEIR CLAMMY CAVE.

IRMA

We'll turn around soon. Then it'll be downhill.

15H. EXT. SNAKE - ROCK. DAY 15H

NONE OF THEM SEE OF HEAR THE SNAKE DRAGGING ITS COPPER COILS OVER THE STONES AHEAD ..

MIRNADA

I thought there would be a track. My father once showed me a picture of people in old-fashioned dresses having a picnic at the Rock. I wish I knew where it was painted.

15I. EXT. SPIDERS - HANGING ROCK. DAY 15I.

... NOR THE PANIC EXODUS OF SPIDERS, GRUBS AND WOODLICE FROM ROTTING LEAVES AND BARK.

15J. EXT. HANGING ROCK. DAY 15J

THE GIRLS ARE LEAVING THE BRACKEN, MOVING AWAY FROM CAMERA, ENTERING, SINGLE-FILE, ANOTHER BELT OF DENSE SCRATCHY SCRUB

MIRANDA

We can't go much further (FADING) We promised Mademoiselle we wouldn't be long away ...

A ROCK LEDGE. AN ALMOST CIRCULAR PLATFORM ENCLOSED BY ROCKS AND BOULDERS AND A FEW STRAIGHT SAPLINGS. MIRANDA APPEARS OVER THE LIP OF THE EDGE, PULLING HERSELF UP, COMPETENTLY. KNEELING DOWN, SHE PULLS UP THE OTHERS, ONE AT A TIME, EDITH LAST, GRUNTING AND GROANING. THE THREE OLDER GIRLS EXPLORE THE LEDGE. EDITH SITS DOWN IN THE SHADE, HOT AND HUFFY. IRMA DISCOVERS A SORT OF PORTHOLE IN ONE OF THE ROCKS.

15K. EXT. P.O.V. PICNIC GROUNDS. DAY 15K.

IRMA'S P.O.V.: THE PICNIC GROUNDS, DOWN BELOW. AS IF THROUGH A TELESCOPE, THE LITTLE SCENE STANDS OUT WITH STEREOSCOPIC CLARITY BETWEEN THE TREES: THE DRAG WITH MR HUSSEY BUSY AMONGST HIS HORSES, SMOKE RISING FROM THE FIRE, THE GIRLS MOVING ABOUT IN THEIR LIGHT DRESSES, DIANNE'S PARASOL OPEN LIKE A PALE BLUE FLOWER BESIDE THE POOL

15L. EXT. HANGING ROCK. DAY 15L

IRMA

If only we could stay out all night and watch the moon rise.

MIRANDA HAS COME UP BESIDE IRMA AND IS WATCHING THE SCENE BELOW.

BLANCHE

Blanche says Sara writes poetry. In the dunny. She found one, on the floor -- all about Miranda.

MIRANDA

(GENTLY)
She's an orphan.

IRAMA

Sara reminds me of a little deer Papa brought home once. I looked after it, but it died. Mama said it was doomed.

EDITH

What does doomed mean, Irma?

IRMA

Doomed to die.

MARION

"The boy stood on the burning deck, whence all but he had fled, tra, la .."

EDITH

I think I'm doomed, I'm not feeling at all well.

MARIO

(TO EDITH) I do wish you'd stop talking for once.

IRMA KNEELS DOWN AND STROKES EDITH'S BURNING FOREHEAD, AND LAYS HER HAND ON THE BACK OF EDITH'S HAND. A TEAR TRICKLES DOWN EDITH'S FACE.

IRMA

We'll go back soon, It's downhill

15L Contd 15L

IRMA HAS TAKEN OFF HER SHOES AND STOCKINGS, AND CLUTCHING SHOES IN ONE HAND AND STOCKINGS IN THE OTHER, SHE SHAKES OUT HER RINGLETS, SPRINGS UP ONTO A FLAT-TOPPED ROCK AND BEGINS TO DANCE, LIKE A BALLERINA, WITH CURLS AND RIBBONS FLYING BRIGHT UNSEEING EYES. SHE BLOWS KISSES TO HER ADMIRERS IN THE WINGS, TOSSING A FLOWER FROM HER BOUQUET INTO THE STALLS.

AS IRMA HAS BEEN DANCING, MARION AND MIRANDA HAVE PULLED OFF THEIR SHOES AND STRIPPED OFF THEIR STOCKINGS AND ARE MOVING OFF UPHILL, AWAY FROM THE LEDGE.

IRMA AT LAST SINKS INTO A FULL-BLOWN CURTESY TO THE ROYAL BOX, HALFWAY UP A GUM TREE. EDITH, STANDING NOW, POINTS UPHILL.

EDITH

Irma. Look at them. Without their shoes.

IRMA LOOKS, LAUGHS MISCHIEVIOUSLY AND FOLLOWS, STILL HOLDING HER SHOES AND STOCKINGS AT THE END OF OUTSTRETCHED ARMS. EDITH WATCHES FOR A MOMENT DISTRESSED, THEN SETS OFF AFTER THEM.

EDITH

Imra! Irma, wait for me... wait!

THE THREE OLDER GIRLS ARE ALMOST OUT OF SIGHT. SOBBING QUIETLY TO HERSELF, EDITH DRIVES HER PUDGY LITTLE LEGS TO FOLLOW.

15M. EXT. P.O.V. PICNIC GROUNDS - DAY 15M

A SEMI-CIRCULAR SHELF, HIGHER UP, MUCH THE SAME AS THE LOWER ONE. IRMA IS PEERING DOWN AT THE PLAIN BELOW: JUST VISIBLE, INFINITELY VAGUE AND DISTANT. THE GLINT OF WATER AND TINY FIGURES COMING AND GOING THROUGH DRIFTS OF ROSY SMOKE, OR MIST.

15N. SHELF - HANGING ROCK. DAY 15N

MARION

(V.O.) Whatever can those people be doing down there? Like a lot of ants ...

MARION IS LEANING OVER IRMA'S SHOULDER, LOOKING DOWN.

MARION

A suesprising number of human beings are without purpose...

IRMA IS LOOKING OUT NOW, NOT DOWN. OUT ACROSS THE GOLDEN, MYSTIC PLAIN...

16. Contd 16.

MIRANDA HAS JOINED THEM.

MIRANDA

Everything begins -- and ends --
at exactly the right time and place.

THE DISTANCE IS STILL. TOTALLY. NOT A BREATH OF WIND MOVES IRMA'S HAIR. SUDDENLY

FX

A SOUND AS OF A DISTANT ROLL OF DRUMS APPROACHING ACROSS THE PLAIN, INSINUATES ITSELF UNDER, INTO AND ABOVE THE CONSTANT SHRILL OF THE CICADAS -- AND IS AS SUDDENLY GONE.

IF IRMA HEARD THE NOISE, SHE MADE NO REACTION.

MIRANDA

(V.O.) Look!

THE GIRLS TURN. MIRANDA IS POINTING FURTHER UP AHEAD.

15O. EXT. P.O.V. HANGING ROCK - DAY 15 O.

THEIR P.O.V.: THE MONOLITH, RISING UP AHEAD. A SINGLE OUTCROP OF POCK-MARKED STONE, A MONSTROUS EGG PERCHED ABOVE A PRECIPITOUS DROP TO THE PLAIN.

15P. EXT. SHELF - HANGING ROCK - DAY 15P

THE GIRLS, STILL CARRYING THEIR SHOES AND STOCKINGS, BEGIN MOVING UPWARDS AGAIN. EDITH SIGHS RESIGNEDLY TO HERSELF AND FOLLOWS. BUT THERE IS NO EXCITEMENT, NOW, JUST A GREAT DRUGGED LASSITUDE. WHETHER THE RESULT OF PHYSICAL EXHAUSTION OR WHATEVER, THE GIRLS HAVE NO WAY OF KNOWING. THEY DRAG THEIR LEADEN LIMBS UP THE SLOPE -- ALL OF THEM, EDITH INCLUDED, AND FALL DOWN ON THE GENTLY SLOPING ROCK IN THE SHELTER OF THE MONOLITH AND ARE INSTANTLY IN A DEEP SLEEP.

15Q. A HORNED LIZARD EMERGES FROM THE BLACK SHADOW AND APPROACHES THEM, FINALLY LYING WITHOUT FEAR IN THE HOLLOW OF MIRANDA'S OUTFLUNG ARM. 15Q DAY

FX

SUDDENLY THE CICADAS STOP. HOLD THE SILENCE FOR A LONG MOMENT.

16. EXT. PICNIC GROUNDS. LATE AFTERNOON 16.

FX

THE CICADAS ARE AT IT AGAIN.
THE GOLDEN SILENCE WAS SHORT-LIVED.

THE PICNIC GROUNDS ARE IN DEEP SHADOW NOW, THE SOLID BLACK PRESENCE OF THE HANGING ROCK SPREADING ACROSS THE LOWER SLOPES AND BEYOND THE CREEK. DIANNE AND THE GIRLS ARE STILL ASLEEP. THE WAGONETTE DOWN BY THE CREEK HAS GONE. THE BIG SQUARE BILLIES ARE STEAMING OVER A GOOD FIRE. MR HUSSEY IS NOT AROUND, BUT THERE COULD BE SOMEONE MOVING AMONG THE HORSES ON THE GRASSY STRETCH BEYOND THE DRAG. ONLY MISS McCRAW IS STILL AWAKE, HER LONG NOSE STILL DEEP IN HER BOOK. SHE LOOKS UP, UP AT THE ROCK. HOLD.

FX

THE CICADAS ARE STILL SHRILLING - INEVITABLY. BUT THE NEW SOUND INSINUATES ITSELF. A LOW WORDLESS MURMUR, ALMOST LIKE DISTANT VOICES. WITH NOW AND THEN A SORT OF TRILLING THAT MIGHT BE LITTLE SPURTS OF LAUGHTER -- BUT VERY DISTANT.

MISS McCRAW IS STILL LOOKING UP AT THE ROCK.

FX

THE MURMURING TRILLING HAS GONE.
THE SHRILLING SOUND OF THE CICADAS LIFTS IN VOLUME -- PERCEPTIBLY SO -- BRIDGING TO THE NEXT SCENE.

17. EXT. HANGING ROCK. LATE AFTERNOON 17.

FX

THE CICADAS -- ALL PERVASIVE AND INSISTENT -- BRIDGING FROM THE PREVIOUS SCENE.

THE LIGHT IS STRANGE AND BEAUTIFUL. GOLDEN YELLOW AGAINST A DARK BACKGOURND AS THOUGH A THUNDER STORM IS IMMINENT.

HIGH ANGLE SHOT FROM THE MOMOLITH. AN UNKNOWN P.O.V., FRAMED IN LEAVES, PEERING THROUGH FOLIAGE.

CU MIRANDA'S SHAPELY BARE LEG. A PROCESSION OF QUEER LOOKING BEETLES IN BRONZE ARMOUR IS MAKING A LEISURELY CROSSING OF HER ANKLE.

17. Contd 17.

FX

THE SHRILLING CICADAS ARE JOINED BY THE LOW WORLESSS MURMUR -- CLOSE UP HERE -- JOINED BY THE TRILLING SINGING - LAUGHTER, ONCE, TWICE, GONE. THE CICADAS ARE HARSHLY TRIUMPHANT.

WIDEN TO SEE MIRANDA WAKING UP, OPENING HER EYES, LOOKING DOWN AT THE BEETLES WITHOUT THE SLIGHTEST EXPRESSION OF FEAR OR APPREHENSION -- OR INDEED OF ANY EXPRESSION AT ALL. MIRANDA HAULS HERSELF UP ONTO HER ELBOW, HER LEG MOVES A FRACTION, THE BEETLES TUMBLE OFF, MIRANDA WATCHING AS THEY SCUTTLE OFF TO SAFETY UNDER SOME LOOSE BARK.

MIRANDA LOOKS ABOUT. IN THE COLOURLESS TWILIGHT EVERY DETAILS STANDS OUT, CLEARLY DEFINED AND SEPARATE:

MARION'S TORN MUSLIN SKIRTS, FLUTED LIKE A NAUTILUS SHELL.

IRMA'S RINGLETS, FRAMING HER FACE IN EXQUISITE SPIRALS.

EDITH, FLUSHED AND CHILDISHLY VULNERABLE IN SLEEP. EDITH AWAKES, SITS UP, SHOCKED AND CONFUSED. SHE LOOKS AROUND, SEES MIRANDA IS ALSO AWAKE.

EDITH

Oh, Miranda, I feel awful. Really awful.

MIRANDA HAS STOOD. MARION AND IRMA ARE WAKING UP AND STAGGERING TO THEIR FEET. THEY LOOK ABOUT. PAST, BEYOND, THROUGH EACH OTHER. EDITH IS STILL SITTING THERE.

EDITH

I feel perfectly awful, Miranda. When are we going home?

MIRANDA DOESN'T ANSWER. NO-ONE ANSWERS

EDITH

When are we going home?

MIRANDA BEGINS MOVING AWAY, UP THE RISE. MARION AND IRMA ARE MOVING AWAY WITH HER. BAREFOOT ACROSS THE SHARP STONES, WITHOUT A STUMBLE -- OR A WORD. SEEMING TO GLIDE ALONG. UP HILL. UP.

(There is no page 33)

17. Contd 17.

EDITH WATCHES THEM: PUZZLED ...

EDITH

(SHE CROAKS IT)
Miranda ...

...FRIGHTENED ...

EDITH

Miranda!

... TERRIFITED.

EDITH

Miranda!

FX

THE SHRILLING OF THE CICADAS IS NOW A TERRIBLE ROARING SCREAM.

THE GIRLS ARE FAST MOVINC OUT OF SIGH BEHIND THE MOMOLITH.

EDITH

Don't go up there! Come back!

EDITH TURNS, LOOKS ABOUT. SHE SEES SOMETHING. HER EYES DILATE WITH HORROR. SHE SCREAMS.

FX

THE CICADAS AND EDITH'S SCREAMING BLEND IN AN INEXTRICABLE NIGHTMARE OF SOUND, "PEAKING" THE AUDIO.

17A. EXT. FURTHER DOWN THE SLOPE. LATE AFTERNOON 17A.

STEEP-PITCHED FOREST.

FX

THE CICADAS CONTINUOUS.

EDITH IS COMING, HER SCREAMING HERALDING HER PANIC-STRICKEN APPROACH LONG BEFORE SHE IS IN SHOT. SUDDENLY SHE IS HERE, RUSHING WILDLY DISTRAUGHT ACROSS THE FIELD OF VISION; STUMBLING, PITCHING, RUNNING, RUNNING, RUNNING -- AND SCREAMING.

17B EXT. THE FOREST NEARBY. LATE AFTERNOON 17B

FX

THE CICADAS, CONTINUOUS.

SOMEONE ELSE IS THERE, MOVING LIKE A WHITE WRAITH THROUGH THE TREES, SOME DISTANCE FROM EDITH'S HEADLING PATH.

AN EYE AND A YELLOW TWISTED HAND. WE HAVE NO WAY OF KNOWING WHO OR WHAT IT IS. IT HAS GONE.

18. INT. COLLEGE DRAWING-ROOM. LATE AFTERNOON 18.

SOUND

BLESSED RELIEF. THE SCREAMING HAS GONE.
MIRACULOUSLY. ONLY SILENCE ...
THEN, SLOWLY, THE TICKING OF A CLOCK INSINUATES ITSELF -- BUT ONLY JUST.

THE CAMER BEGINS A SLOW, SLOW EXPLORATION OF THE LONG, EXCELLENTLY-PROPORTIONED DRAWING-ROOM. THE HIDEOUSLY BEAUTIFUL VICTORIAN FURNISHING IN AS-NEW CONDITION; THE TWO ITALIAN MANTEL-PIECES OF WHITE MARBLE, SUPPORTED BY PAIRS OF FIRM-BUSTED CARYATIDS; THE THICK-PILED AXMINSTER CAPTER, THE GRAND PIANO, THE BRIC-A-BRAC AND FOL-DE-ROLS, SOFT YET ALMOST SINISTER IN THE LATE AFTERNOON GLOOM

SOUND

THE TICKING IS TOUCH CLOSER.

A FRENCH GILT CLOCK IN A GLASS DOME: 4.35

MRS APPLEYARD LYING FULL-LENGTH ON THE SOFA, A MOUNTAIN OF GREY SILK TAFFETA, ASLEEP. SHE STIRS, OPENS HER EYES, STANDS, SMOOTHS DOWN HER DRESS, TOUCHES HER HAIR -- NOT A POMADED WISP OF THE ELABORATE POMPADOUR COIFFURE IS OUT OF PLACE -- GLANCES AT THE CLOCK, MOVES TOWARDS THE DOOR, OPENS IT, GOES THROUGH, CLOSES THE DOOR IN OUR FACE.

19. INT. COLLEGE HALLWAY. CORRIDORS AND SCHOOLROOM. LATE AFTERNOON 19.

TRACKING SHOT: MRS APPLEYARD IN FULL SAIL THROUGH THE HALLWAY AND ALONG THE CORRIDORS OF THE COLLEGE. PAST THE DARK-STAINED DOORS AND UNDER CARVED AND TORTURED WOODEN ARCHES, PAST PLANTS IN PEDESTAL POTS AND HALLSTANDS EMBELLISHED WITH A THOUSAND WINKING TIDDLING MIRRORS.

MRS APPLEYARD, MOVING THROUGH BROWNS AND MAUVES, GREYS AND BOTTLE-GREENS, BLACKS AND MAROONS; THROUGH THE OCCASIONAL SHAFT OF TRANSLUCENT RED AND BLUE FROM A STAINED GLASS WINDOW OR FANLIGHT OR THE WATERY GOLD OF LIGHT FILTERING DOWN FROM A STAIR-WELL ABOVE.

MRS APPLEYARD, IN FULL CONTROL OF HERSELF, HER COLLEGE AND HER EMOTIONS, EVEN ON THIS FADING HOLIDAY AFTERNOON.

SHE HAS REACHED THE CLOSED DOOR OF THE SCHOOLROOM. SHE PAUSES A MOMENT, SETS A COMPOSED, TOLERANT, SUMMER HOLIDAY AFTERNOON EXPRESSION FIRMLY ON HER FACE, GRASPS THE FLORAL CERAMIC DOORKNOB, TURNS IT AND OP[illegible] THE DOOR.

19A. INT. SCHOOLROOM - COLLEGE - DAY 19A

MRS APPLEYARD'S P.O.V.: THE SCHOOLROOM. A LONG SIMPLE ROOM OF BARE BOARDS AND STARK WALLS. INK-STAINED DESKS, BENCHES. A FEW CHARTS AND MAPS ON THE WALLS, A HIGH TEACHER'S DESK, AN EASEL BLACKBOARD, A PHOTOGRAPH OF QUEEN VICTORIA. SITTING AT A DESK, AN OPEN BOOK IN FRONT OF [illegible], HER BACK TO THE DOOR, FACING THE WINDOW IN A POOL OF GOLDEN-GREEN LIGHT FROM THE GARDEN BEYOND, IS SARA.

MRS APPLEYARD

(MOCK KINDNESS)
Sara ...

SARA, UNAWARE UNTIL NOW OF MRS APPLEYARD'S PRESENCE, TURNS, SCRAMBLES CLUMSILY TO HER FEET, PULLING HER DESK LID UP AND LETTING IT FALL CRASHING AS SHE DOES SO.

MRS APPLEYARD IS STILL STANDING IN THE DOORWAY

MRS APPLEYARD

Well, Sara, I hope you have learned your poetry.

NO ANSWER FROM SARA.

MRS APPLEYARD

Stand up straight when you answer please, and put your shoulders back. You are getting a dreadful stoop.

NO REACTION FROM SARA

MRS APPLEYARD

Well? Have you got your lines by heart?

NO ANSWER FROM SARA. MRS. APPLEYARD MOVES A LITTLE WAY INTO THE ROOM

MRS APPLEYARD

Well, have you?

FINALLY --

SARA

I can't ... I ... It doesn't make sense

MRS. APPLEYARD

Sense? You little ignoramus! Evidently you don't know that Mrs Felicia Heymans is considered one of the finest of our English poets.

A LONG PAUSE. FINALLY SARA PLUCKS UP SOME SORT OF COURAGE. THERE IS A TINY FLICKER OF EXCITMENT IN HER FACE.

19. Contd 19.

SARA

I...
I know another bit of poetry by heart. It has ever so many verses. Much more than "The Hesperus"...

MRS APPLEYARD IS WATCHING HER -- HARD

SARA

...Would that do?

MRS APPLEYARD

What is this poem called?

SARA

"An Ode to Saint Valentine."

MRS APPLEYARD

I am not acquainted with it.

MRS APPLEYARD IS BEING CAUTIOUS.

MRS APPLEYARD

Where did you find it?

SARA

I didn't find it. I wrote it.

MRS APPLEYARD

You wrote it?

SARA NODS -- ALMOST EAGERLY.

MRS APPLEYARD

No thank you. Strange as it may seem, I prefer Mrs Heymans.

SARA'S EXPRESSION CLOSES; HER EYES GLAZE OVER.

19. Contd 19.

MRS APPLEYARD

Give me your book and proceed to recite to me as far as you have gone.

NOTHING FROM SARA. MRS APPLEYARD COMES CLOSER, HOLDS OUT HER HAND.

MRS APPLEYARD

Your book.

SARA HANDS THE OPEN BOOK TO MRS APPLEYARD.

MRS APPLEYARD

Go on.

SARA

(FINALLY)
I can't ...

MRS APPLEYARD

Not one line?

SARA'S EYES ARE FILLING WITH TEARS. SHE SHAKES HER HEAD. MRS APPLEYARD, JUST UNDER CONTROL, SLAPESTHE BOOK BACK ON THE DESK, MOVES AWAY.

MRS APPLEYARD

I shall leave you now, Sara. I expect you to ve word perfect when I send Miss Lumley in half an hour.

SARA IS STARING AT HER, THROUGH TEARS, SEEING NOTHING.

MRS APPLEYARD

Otherwise I am afraid I shall have to send you to bed instead of sitting up until the others return from the picnic.

MRS APPLEYARD HAS REACHED THE DOOR. WITHOUT GIVING THE HATEFUL GIRL ONE MORE GLANCE SHE GLIDES THROUGH AND SLAMS IT SHUT. THE KEY TURNS IN THE LOCK.

19AContd 19A

SARA STURNS HER FACE FROM THE DOOR, STARES OUT AT THE DARKENING GARDEN FOR A MOMENT, THEN RESTS HER HEAD ON THE SCARRED, INK-STAINED LID OF THE DESK AND BEGINS TO SOB.

SARA

Bertie . Bertie Jesus where are you?
(SHE SUDDENLY LOOKS UP AND SCREAMS AT THE DOOR)
I hate her!
I hate her!
(SHE HURLS THE BOOK AT THE DOOR)

19B. EXT. APPLEYARD COLLEGE ROOF. DUSK 19B

MRS APPLEYARD APPEARS ON THE ROOF WATCHING THE CARRIAGE.

20. INT. MINNIES BEDROOM EVENING 20

A TINY LAMPLIT ROOM, THE ATTIC WINDOW DEEP IN SHADOW TUMBLED BEDCLOTHES LYING ON THE FLOOR.
MINNIE AND TOM LIE NAKED UNDER TEH SHEET, EMBARACING IN THE YELLOW LIGHT.

FX
THE DISTANT JINGLING OF A BELL
SHATTERS THE MOOD

MINNIE LEAPS OUT OF BED MAKING A VAIN ATTEMPT TO HIDE HER NAKEDNESS

MINNIE

I gotta go! Thats Mrs. Appleyard

TOM LAUGHS AT MINNIES PANIC

TOM

LET SOMEONE ELSE GO

MINNIE

They won't. I'm on.

TOM

On with me!

MINNIE CHANGING BEHIND A SCREEN ATTEMPTING AT SPEED TO PUT ON CORSETS, CAMASOLES AND OTHER VICTORIAN ARMOUR,
TOM CHUCKLING ALL THE WHILE.

MINNIE

Mrs. Appleyard'll skin me.

20. Contd 20

FX

THE BELL AGAIN. COMMANDING.

MINNIE REACHES THE DOOR. SHE OPENS IT, TURNS TO FACE TOMM

MINNIE

You better get outer here.

TOM SMILES AT HER. MINNIE SMILES BACK, KISSES ACROSS SPACE. GOES THROUGH THE DOOR, CLOSING IT.

CONTS AS PER SCRIPT WITH SCE. 21.

20. Contd 20

MINNIE

Y-u better get outer here.

TOM SMILES AT HER. MINNIE SMILES BACK, KISSES ACROSS SPACE, GOES THROUGH THE DOOR, CLOSING IT.

TOM LIES THERE FOR A MOMENT, SIGHS CONTENTEDLY, THEN BEGINS EMERGING FFOM UNDER THE SHEET.

21. INT. COLLEGE BACK STAIRS AND KITCHEN, EVENING 21

MINNIE, HER CAP IN ONE HAND, HER APRON IN THE OTHER, COMES HURRYING DOWN THE NARROW BACKSTAIRS.

FX

THE BELL, CLOSE.

ALICE AND THE COOK ARE STANDING AWKWARDLY NEAR THE STOVE IN THE KITCHEN; WAITING.

MINNIE COMES HURRYING THROUGH THE TENSION THAT IS IN THE KITCHEN,PUTTING ON HER APRON AND TYING IT AS SHE GOES.

ALICE AND THE COOK DON'T FAIL TO MISS HER DISHEVELLED CONDITION BUT THERE ARE OTHER THINGS ON THEIR MINDS.

MR WHITEHEAD POKES HIS HEAD INTO THE KITCHEN. HIS FACE IS A QUESTION. THE COOK SHAKES HER HEAD: NOTHING.

ON THE LONG SCRUBBED WOODEN TABLE IS THE SCHOOL-GIRLS "LIGHT SUPPER", AWAITING THEIR RETURN.

21A. INT. COLLEGE HALLWAY. EVENING 21A

THE HALLWAY, LIT BY LAMPS ON THE CEDAR STAIRCASE.
MINNIE HAS COME INTO SHOT.
SHE HURRIES ACROSS THE HALLWAY, STOPS OUTSIDE THE STUDY DOOR, PUTS ON HER CAP, SMOOTHS HER HAIR AND HER APRON, ADJUSTS HER BODICE, KNOCKS.

MRS APPLEYARD

(V.O.) Come in.

22. INT. HEADMISTRESS'S STUDY. NIGHT 22.

MINNIE CROSSES, PICKS UP A SUPPER TRAY. MRS APPLEYARD NOTICES MINNIE'S STATE -- HER CREASED APRON AND SLIGHTLY CRO.KED CAP. MINNIE KNOWS THIS FROM MRS. APPLEYARD'S EYES. THE PLATES RATTLE A LITTLE AS SHE WALKS TO THE DOOR.

MRS APPLEYARD

Minnie .....

MINNIE

(EXPECTING ANYTHING)
Yes, ma'am.

MRS APPLEYARD

Do you know where Tom is, Minnie?

MINNIE GULPS.

MINNIE

No, Ma'am.

MRS. APPLEYARD'S GIMLET EYES CAN SEE RIGHT THROUGH MINNIE'S CLOTHING -- RIGHT THROUGH TO HER BLUSHING PALPITATING BODY.

CONTD AS PER SCRIPT.

22. Contd 22.

MINNIE

Not for sure, ma'am.....

MRS APPLEYARD HOLDS HER GAZE

MINNIE

But I think he's probably in the coach-house, ma'am, takin' a not bath.

MRS APPLEYARD

Tell him I want to see him, Minnie. As soon as possible.

MINNIE

Yes, ma'am.

WITH WHICH MINNIE OPENS THE DOOR, GOES OUT, CLOSES THE DOOR; INCAPABLE OF FACING MRS APPLEYARD'S GAZE ANY LONGER.

MRS APPLEYARD WATCHES THE CLOSED DOOR FOR A MOMENT THEN TURNS TOWARDS THE LONG WINDOWS, THE DRAPES CLOSELY DRAWN. FEAR AND APPREHENSION TOUCH HER EYES.

23. EXT COLLEGE FRONT VERANDAH AND GROUNDS NIGHT 23.

FX

NIGHT SOUNDS. CRICKETS.

OUT OF THE BLACKNESS FROM BEYOND THE FAR END OF THE VERANDAH, TOM COMES STRIDING UP, CONFIDENT, IN CLEAN WORKING CLOTHES, HIS FACE SCRUBBED AND GLOWING.

TOM

You was after wantin' me, ma'am....

MRS APPLEYARD IS WAITING IN FRONT OF THE BIG MAIN DOOR, NOW STANDING WIDE OPEN.

TOM

So Minnie was sayin'.

MRS APPLEYARD'S CHEEKS, UNDER THE UNSHADED PORCH LIGHT, ARE THE COLOUR OF TALLOW.

ON PAGE 35 DELETE SC. 18. INT. COLLEGE DRAWING ROOM DAY.

ON PAGE 41 DELETE SC. 21 BACK STAIRS AND KITCHEN. EVENING

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23. Contd 23.

MRS APPLEYARD

Do you realise, Tom that Mr. Hussey is shockingly late?

THE GIMLET EYES ARE PROBING TOM.

TOM

Is that a fact, ma'am?

THERE IS A SILENCE BETWEEN THEM.

THEIR P.O.V.: THE GATES; NOTHING

MRS APPLEYARD

God be praised, they're coming!

SOUND OFF

HOOVES ON THE HIGHROAD -- DISTANT -- APPROACHING.

MRS APPLEYARD

Quick, Tom, open the gates.

TOM HAS ALREADY BOUNDED OFF DOWN THE DRIVE. HE PULLS BACK THE BIG IRON GATES AS THE TWIN HEADLAMPS OF THE DRAG SWING AROUND, THE WHEELS SCRAPE AS THEY TURN, THE LAMPS MOMENTARILY LIGHT THE HANDSOME GOLD LETTERED SIGN-BOARD -- APPLEYARD COLLEGE -- THE DRAG MOVES THROUGH THE GATEWAY AND CRUNCHES SLOWLY UP THE GRAVEL DRIVE.

MRS APPLEYARD IS MAINTAINING HER POSITION OF DIGNITY ON THE TOP VERANDAH STEP. BEHIND HER IN THE LIGHTED DOORWAY STAND THE REST OF THE HOUSEHOLD -- COOK, MINNIE, ALICE, MISS LUMLEY, THE OTHER MAIDS, MR WHITEHEAD.

MR. HUSSEY

(HOARSELY)
Whoa, there. Whoa .....

THE PANTING HORSES STAND STEAMING IN THE COOLING NIGHT AIR, MR. HUSSEY JUMPS WEARILY DOWN FROM HIS BOX, AND FROM THE DARK MOUTH OF THE DRAG THE GIRLS COME STRAGGLING OUT ONE BY ONE. SOME CRYING, SOME SODDEN WITH SLEEP, ALL HATLESS, DISHEVELLED, INCOHERENT. DIANNE COMES STUMBLING TOWARDS MRS APPLEYARD, UP THE STEPS, INTO THE YELLOW LIGHT.

MRS APPLEYARD

Mademoiselle,
Why are you so late?

DIANNE

I ... Mrs Appleyard ...
something terrible ... has happened!

MRS APPLEYARD

What .... What do you mean?

DIANNE

I ... I can't ....

MRS APPLEYARD

And where in Heaven's name is Miss McCraw?

DIANNE

We left her behind .... At the Rock.

MRS APPLEYARD

Left her behind? Has everyone

AT THAT MOMENT, TOM, SEEING DIANNE TEETERING ON THE SECOND STEP, RUSHES FORWARD AND CATCHES HER JUST AS SHE FAINTS. THE SILENCE BURSTS INTO WILD ACTIVITY. COOK, MINNIE AND ALICE ARE IMMEDIATELY THERE, LOOSENING CLOTHING, HELPING TOM TO CARRY HER INSIDE.

CONTD AS PER SCRIPT WITH PAGE 47

23. Contd

ONE OF THE GIRLS IS CARRYING THREE STRAW HATS. EDITH ASHEN-FACED, STARING, WRAPPED IN A BLANKET, IS LED THROUGH THE POOL OF LAMPLIGHT.

NO-ONE NOTICES SARA IN A NIGHTDRESS, AS SHE PUSHES FRANTICALLY THROUGH THE MILLING GIRLS, SEARCHING FOR MIRANDA. SUDDENLY SHE SEES THE THREE HATS. SHE STARES AT THEM: HAUNTED.

MRS APPLEYARD TAKES IMMEDIATE CONTROL.

MRS APPLEYARD

Miss Lumley, get these girls to bed immediately. And Cook -- hot soup, please, for them all.

MR HUSSEY, DUSTY AND WEARY-EYED, IS SUDDENLY BESIDE MRS APPLEYARD, HIS BIG HAND CRADLING ONE ARM.

MR HUSSEY

Mrs. Appleyard. I must speak to you alone.

MRS APPLEYARD NODS, HER EYES FULL OF TERROR.

24. INT. HEADMISTRESS'S STUDY. NIGHT 24.

MRS APPLEYARD IS EATING HERSELF BEHIND HER DESK. MR HUSSEY SITS OPPOSITE.

MR HUSSEY

Well now ... aah ... Ma'am ... the strength of it is this ...aah ... three of your young ladies, and ... and Miss McCraw ... is missing ... on the Rock.

MRS APPLEYARD LOOKS AT HIM FOR A LONG SILENT MOMENT.

MRS APPLEYARD

(FINALLY)
What happened?

MR HUSSEY

Well, now, Mrs Appleyard. That's the trouble. Nobody <u>knows</u> what happened.

26. EXT. WOODEND MAIN STREET. NIGHT 25

PEOPLE - MEN, WOMEN AND CHILDREN -- ARE MOVING OUT OF HOUSES, PUBS, SHOPS: EMERGING FROM SIDE LANES GATHERING IN A 'ITTLE EXCITED GROUPS O STANDING SILENTLY ALONE -- .PPREHENSIVE.

VOICES

School girls lost on the rock etc.
etc.

28. EXT. APPLEYARD COLLEGE - FRONT DOOR 26

C.U. HUSSEY

HUSSEY

Well, all three of 'em are good big girls ...

WIDEN TO SEE HUSSEY FACING BUMPHER. WE CAN SEE MINNIE HOVERING IN THE HALLWAY BEHIND HUSSEY.

HUSSEY

(CONFUSED)
.... Mature, like. Seniors.

BUMPHER

Old enough, yer mean ....

HUSSEY CAN'T MEET BUMPHERS EYES.

BUMPHER

And the mistress .... The Mathamatics mistress ...

HUSSEY

Forty if she's a day.

BUMPHER

How soon afte the girls did Miss McCraw leave?

HUSSEY

Don't know. No-one knows.
No-one saw her leave. All asleep.

BUMPHER

And the little one ....

HUSSEY

Edith Horton. Like I said. She came tearin' out of the bushes, dress all torn, screaming fit to ... (kill)

26 Contd 26

BUMPHERS EYES FLICK.

HUSSEY

When we'd shushed her screaming all we could get from her was that she'd left the other three somewhere up on the Rock.

SOUND OVER

DOGS BARKING, BRIDGING TO THE NEXT SCENE.

27. EXT. HANGING ROCK & SURROUNDS. MORNING 27

SOUND OVER

DOGS BARKING, BRIDGING FROM THE PREVIOUS SCENE.

A VISTA SHOT FROM THE ROCK: MEN DOWN BELOW, MOVING ABOUT, TETHERED HORSES, BUGGIES AND TRAPS. DOGS ARE RUNNING ABOUT, YELPING EXCITEDLY.

DELETE PAGE 50

CONTD AS PER SCRIPT ON PAGE 51

27. Contd 27.

SEQUENCE OF SHOTS: A FULL-SCALE SEARCH TAKING PLACE ON HANGING ROCK AND THROUGH ITS SURROUNDS.

MEN -- LOCALS AND POLICEMEN -- MOVING UP THE STEEP SLOPES OF THE ROCK.

A POLICEMAN TRAVERSING THE LENGTH OF A DEEP CREVASSE.

A BLACK TRACKER IN HIS COMIC OPERA UNIFORM. SEARCHING FOR TRACKS -- WITHOUT SUCCESS.

A LINE OF LOCALS AND POLICEMEN MOVING METHODICALLY ACROSS A STRETCH OF OPEN GROUND BENEATH THE ROCK.

MEN MOVING SLOWLY THROUGH THE SHADOWY FOREST. OCCASIONALLY THE NAME OF A MISSING GIRL IS CALLED. THE WORDS RING EERILY THROUGH THE TREES.

A POLICEMAN WITH A HURRICANE LAMP PROBING THE DEPTHS OF A DARK DANK CAVE.

28. INT. COLLEGE -- EDITH'S BEDROOM. MORNING 28.

DIANNE'S DRAWN FACE: TENSE AND STRAINED.

DIANNE

And you have no idea, Edith, dear ...

EDITH IS SITTING UP IN BED, THE SULKY HEROINE OF THE MOMENT. STANDING ON ONE SIDE OF THE BED IS DIANNE, ON THE OTHER SIDE IS SERGEANT BUMPHER. DOCTOR McKENZIE IS STANDING JUST BEHIND BUMPHER.

DIANNE

... absolutely no memory at all of what it was that frightened you up on the Rock ...

EDITH SNIFFS, NODS, CONTINUES LOOKING STRAIGHT AHEAD. BUMPHER IS WATCHING HER CLOSELY. DIANNE MOVES CLOSER, SITS ON THE EDGE OF THE BED HER FACE CLOSE TO EDITH'S.

DIANNE

(QUIETLY) Think carefully, darling. Carefully, There must have been something.

NO REACTION FROM EDITH. DIANNE LOOKS AT BUMPHER; SHRUGS. BUMPHER'S FACE BETRAYS NOTHING. EDITH IS STILL STARING STRAIGHT AHEAD. SHE SNIFFS PETULANTLY.

BUMPHER

(FINALLY) Did you speak to anyone? Was there a man?

29. INT. COLLEGE -- HEADMISTRESS'S STUDY. MORNING 29.

MRS APPLEYARD IS CLOSING HER STUDY DOOR. DR. McKENZIE IS STANDING IN THE MIDDLE OF THE ROOM.

DOCTOR

Her legs are quite severly scratched. From running through brambles, I should imagine.

THE DOCTOR SITS -- UNINVITED.

MRS APPLEYARD

Nothing else?

DOCTOR

Nothing I could detect.

MRS APPLEYARD

She hadn't been ....

THE DOCTOR LOOKS AT HER, NOT PREPARED TO HELP

MRS APPLEYARD

(FINALLY)
.... molested?....

DOCTOR

(REALISING)
Ah... No, no. Nothing like that. I have examined her. She is quite intact

THE DOCTOR IS LOOKING AT HER, QUITE OPENLY. MRS APPLEYARD LOOKS AWAY.

30. INT. COLLEGE -- SCHOOLROOM. AFTERNOON. 30

THE GIRLS ARE SITTING AT DESKS, WORKING -- OR PRETENDING TO -- IN THE DROWSY AFTERNOON WARMTH. MISS LUMLEY IS SEATED BEHIND THE HIGH TEACHER'S DESK AT ONE END OF THE LONG PLAIN RROM.

SOUND OVER

A KNOCK AT THE DOOR.

30. Contd 30

THE EYES SWIVEL TOWARDS THE DOOR: ROSAMUND; BLANCHE; SARA.

THE GIRLS WATCH AS MISS LUMELY STANDS, MOVES ACROSS TO THE DOOR, OPENS IT. BUMPHER IS STANDING THERE.

MISS LUMLEY/BUMPHER

AN INAUDIBLE MURMUR.

THE GIRLS EXCHANGE GLANCES, WHISPERING TOGETHER.

ALL EXCEPT SARA -- SHE IS EXCLUDED.

MISS LUMLEY TURNS BACK TO THE CLASS.

MISS LUMLEY

Blanche ....

BLANCHE STANDS

MISS LUMLEY

You first.

BLANCHE NODS, MOVES SELF-CONSCIOUSLY -- IMPORTANTLY TOWARDS THE DOOR. THE OTHER GIRLS ARE WHISPERING EXCITEDLY TOGETHER. BLANCHE HAS GONE THROUGH THE DOOR, MISS LUMELY CLOSES IT.

MISS LUMLEY

On with your work, please girls.

HEADS DOWN, THE GIRLS ARE WORKING AGAIN -- SORT OF. EXCEPT SARA. SHE IS STARING AT THE WALL: AT NOTHING.

31. EXT. WOODEND MAIN STREET. MORNING 31.

THE FITZHUBERT'S SMALL PRIVATE CARRIAGE IS DRAWN UP OUTSIDE THE POLICE STATION. UP ON THE BOX IS ALBERT, TRYING HARD TO DETACH HIMSELF FROM THE SMALL GROUP OF JUVENILE LOUTS STANDING ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE ROAD, INTENSELY RUDELY INTERESTED IN THE SIGHT OF SUCH A SMART EQUIPPÆGE STANDING OUTSIDE A COP SHOP. COLONEL FITZHUBERT IS SITTING INSIDE THE CARRIAGE. HE JUST DOESN'T WANT TO KNOW.

ONE OF THE JUVENILE LOUTS SNIGGERS.

ALBERT CLIMBS IMPORTANTLY-MENACINGLY DOWN, BEGINS CHECKING HARNESS, TIGHTENING BUCKLES.

31. Contd 31.

ONE OF THE JUVENILE LOUTS PICKS UP A SMALL STONE, FLICKS IT TOWARDS THE FITZHUBERT HORSES, HITS ONE OF THEM ON THE RUMP. THE HORSE STAMPS ITS FOOT.

ALBERT LOOKS ACROSS, LIFTS HIS FIST, CLENCHES IT. HE DOESN"T SHAKE IT, BUT HIS MEANING IS APPARENT.

THE JUVENILE LOUTS GRIN BACK.

COLONEL FITZHUBERT DOESN'T WANT TO KNOW ABOUT ANYTHING.

32. INT. WOODEND POLICE STATION. MORNING 32.

MICHAEL, SITTING ON THE OTHER SIDE OF BUMPHER'S DESK. BUMPHER IS BEHIND THE DESK, JONES IS SEATED TO ONE SIDE, TAKING NOTES.

BUMPHER

Now then, when you saw these girls crossing the creek did you recognise any of them?

MICHAEL

How could I? I've only been in Australia about three weeks and I haven't met any young ladies--

BUMPHER

I see. Did you have any conversation with any of these girls -- either before or after they crossed to the opposite bank?

MICHAEL

Certainly not! I've just told you Sergeant, I didn't know them. I simply noticed these three young ladies crossing the creek. There's no offence in that, surely?

BUMPHER

What were your uncle and aunt doing while this was going on?

MICHAEL

As far as I can remember they were both dozing. We had champagne lunch and I suppose it made them sleepy.

BUMPHER

What effect does champagne have on you?

MICHAEL

(UNSETTLED)
None, as far as I know. I don't drink much at any time (STUTTERING A LITTLE) and, and when I do it's, it's usually wine. You know, at home.

BUMPHER

What did they look like?

MICHAEL IS UNSURE OF HIS MEANING.

BUMPHER

The girls. Describe them to me.

MICHAEL

The first one was dark, medium height, then there was the little dumpy one, then a fairly plain girl -- with glasses. The last one was tall and fair.

BUMPHER

That's four

MICHAEL

Pardon?

BUMPHER

A few minutes ago you said there was only three of 'em.

MICHALE SMILES, A TOUCH EMBARRASSED.

32. Contd 32.

MICHAEL

Oh, yes, of coure. That's because the little one was back a little

JONES WRITES ON. NOTHING FROM BUMPHER.

MICHAEL

They moved on into the trees and out of sight. That's the last we saw of them.

BUMPHER

Did they know you were watching 'em?

MICHAEL COLOURS

MICHAEL

I ....

BUMPHER IS WATCHING HIM -- HARD

MICHAEL

I couldn't be sure. They made no sign. But Albert did whistle at them....

BUMPHER MAKE NO REACTION

33. EXT. WOODEND MAIN STREET. MORNING 33.

MICHAEL, EMERGING FROM THE POLICE STATION, APPROACHING THE CARRIAGE. A LITTLE WAY BEHIND HIM IS CONSTABLE JONES.

MICHAEL GLANCES UP AT ALBERT, WHO IS NOW BACK ON THE BOX, BUT ALBERT IS STARING STRAIGHT AHEAD.

THE JUVENILE LOUTS ARE STILL THERE, LOUTISHLY ENGROSSED.

JONES

Albert Crundall ...

ALBERT TURNS HIS HEAD, LOOKS AT THE POLICEMAN.

ALBERT

(MOCK SURPRISE)
Me?

33. Contd 33.

JONES NODS. THEN HE BECKONS WITH ONE FINGER.

JONES

We'd like a word.

ONE JUVENILE LOUT ELBOWS ANOTHER JUVENILE LOUT IN THE GUTS.

ALBERT CLIMBS DOWN, MOCK BRAZENLY. MICHAEL IS CLIMBING INTO THE CARRIAGE. ALBERT THROWS HIM A WINK, FOLLOWS JONES INTO THE STATION.

MICHAEL GLANCES AT HIS UNCLE AS HE SITS DOWN OPPOSITE HIM, BUT COLONEL FITZHUBERT DOESN'T WANT TO KNOW A THING ABOUT ANY DAMNED THING.

34. INT WOODEND POLICE STATION. MORNING INT 34

ALBERT, SITTING IN THE SAME CHAIR MICHAEL WAS OCCUPYING IN THE PREVIOUS INTERIOR SCENE.

JONES

(V.O.) What sort of a whistle?

JONES IS QUESTIONING ALBERT. BUMPHER IS LISTENING.

ALBERT

How d'yer mean, Jim?

JONES THROWS AN EMBARRASSED GLANCE AT BUMPHER; BUMPHER LOOKS STRAIGHT THROUGH. JONES LOOKS BACK AT ALBERT, COUGHS.

JONES

We'd like you to describe how you whistled, Mr. Crundall.

ALBERT GRINS, SHRUGS.

ALBERT

Oh, I dunno, Constable.
Just an ordinary sort of a whistle.

JONES

(Sticking with it pedantically)
Please demonstrate.

ALBERT GRINS, LOOKS AT JONES, THEN BUMPHER, THEN BACK AT JONES. THEN HE CONTROLS HIS FACE AND WHISTLES - EXACTLY AS HE DID THAT AFTERNOON BY THE CREEK BELOW HANGING ROCK.

NO REACTION FROM BUMPHER. JONES SCRIBBLES SOMETHING ON HIS PAD.

ALBERT

(Grinning)
Get that down all right, did yer?

JONES LOOKS UP. BLAND. NOTHING FROM BUMPHER

ALBERT

Yes, well they was worth a whistle. Two of 'em was, anyway.

JONES

(Flatly) What did you do, then?

ALBERT SHRUGS.

ALBERT

Nothin'. Well I mean we just hung about for a bit, yarnin', then the Colonel and the Missus woke up so I packed up.

JONES SAYS NOTHING. ALBERT SAYS NOTHING. FINALLY BUMPHER STIRS, SPEAKS.

BUMPHER

(Low)
Where was Michael Fitzhubert?

ALBERT THINKS; ADJUSTS.

ALBERT

How do you mean?

BUMPHER

Well where was he?

ALBERT

The Colonel and the Missus was in the wagonette, I was drivin' and young Mr. Michael followed on behin on the Colonel's white Arab.

BUMPHER

There all the time, was he?

ALBERT

Who?

BUMPHER

Michael Fitzhubert.

CONTD AS PER SCRIPT WITH BLUE PAGE 59

34. Contd 34.

ALBERT

Well I reckon he was. He was there when we left and he rode alongside every now and then, and he was there when we got home....

JONES IS SCRIBBLING ON, INTERMINABLY.

ALBERT

....So I suppose he was there all the time. But not havin' eyes in the back of me head.

NO REACTION FROM BUMPHER. NONE AT ALL

34a INT. SERGEANT BUMPHER'S HOME. NIGHT 34a

SERGEANT AND HMRS BUMPHER IN THEIR PARLOUR. BUMPHER SITTING IN HIS CHAIR, DEEP IN THOUGHT.

MRS BUMPHER CROCHETS IN A CHAIR CLOSE BY THE LAMP. SHE OCCASIONALLY THROWS A GLANCE IN HIS DIRECTION.

BUMPHER

Well Mrs Bumpher? What's your opinion?

MRS BUMPHER

Since you won't tell me all the details how am I to give an opinion, Lionel?

BUMPHER

There are no details, Mrs. Bumpher. None. I wish I was concealing the most awful truths from you. But I'm not. Because they're aren't any.

MRS BUMPEHR

People don't just disappear my dear. Not without good cause.

THERE IS A LONG PAUSE. FINALLY HE ASKS HIS QUESTION.

BUMPHER

What are they saying? Around town ...?

34. Contd

MRS BUMPHER LAYS DOWN HER WORK.

MRS BUMPHER

They're saying ... They're saying they don't like it, Lionel .... They're saying all sorts of strange things ....

BUMPHER HOLDS HER LOOK.

35. EXT. COLLEGE GROUNDS. MORNING 35.

PEDALLING INTO SHOT ALONG THE GRAVEL DRIVE COMES A TALL THIN YOUNG MAN ON A TALL THIN BICYCLE.

BUMPHER'S BUGGY IS PARKED ON THE DRIVE IN FRONT OF THE VERANDAH.

THE BICYCLE PULLS UP, THE YOUNG MAN DISMOUNTS, LEANS IT AGAINST A VERANDAH POST, MOUNTS THE FRONT STEPS, CROSSES THE VERANDAH, PULLS THE BELL ON THE FRONT DOOR.

FX

A BELL CLANGING SOMEWHERE DEEP INSIDE THE BIG HOUSE.

36. INT. COLLEGE UPPER HALLWAY. MORNING 36.

MRS APPLEYARD, BUMPHER, DIANNE AND EDITH (THE LAST TWO DRESSED FOR A DRIVE) ARE APPROACHING THE TOP OF THE STAIRS. MINNIE COMES INTO SHOT UP THE STAIRS.

MINNIE

There's a gentleman wants to see you, Ma'am.

MRS APPLEYARD THROWS MINNIE A HARD LOOK, THEN TURNS TO DIANNE.

MRS APPLEYARD

You go ahead with the Sergeant, Mam'selle I will join you in a moment.

BUMPHER, DIANNE AND EDITH MOVE DOWN THE STAIRS AND OUT OF SHOT. MRS APPLEYARD TURNS TO MINNIE

36. Contd 36.

MRS APPLEYARD

(SHE HISSES IT)
I thought I gave strict instructions that all visitors were to be turned away -- at the door ....

MINNIE HANDS MRS APPLEYARD THE REPORTER'S CAR

MINNIE

But this one's from Melbourne, Ma'am From "The Argus".

MRS APPLEYARD READS THE CARD; CRUMPLES IT IN HER HAND

MRS APPLEYARD

Send him packing!

MINNIE

Yes Ma'am

MINNIE IS ABOUT TO MOVE OFF.

MRS APPLEYARD

Wait a moment.

MINNIE PAUSES

MRS APPLEYARD

He won't have had breakfast. Take him down to the kitchen. Cook can give him something. I don't want him following Mam'selle and the Sergeant.

MINNIE

Yes, Ma'am.

37. EXT. HANGING ROCK. EARLY MORNING 37.

THE UPPER SLOPES OF THE ROCK.

PERHAPS WE GLIMPSE -- IN HIGH ANGLE L.S. -- BUMPHER'S BUGGY, STANDING IN THE PICNIC GROUND FAR DOWN BELOW, THE HORSE PEACEFULLY CROPPING GRASS NEARBY.

THE ROCKS. DOMINANT. DIANNE FLITS BETWEEN TWO ROCKS. THEN EMERGES, EDITH IS WITH HER, BUMPHER CLOSE BEHIND, THEY HAVE BEEN CLIMBING HARD.

DIANNE

Which way no, Edith?

EDITH LOOKS ABOUT HER: LEFT, RIGHT, AHEAD.

EDITH

I ... I don't know.

DIANNE

Think darling. You have done very well so far.

EDITH IS GETTING UPSET.

EDITH

I don't know. It all looks the same.

DIANNE GLANCES TOWARDS BUMPHER, BUT HE IS WATCHING INTENTLY.

EDITH

I wasn't looking. I was tired. I wanted to go back.

DIANNE

Perhaps if we went a little higher ...

EDITH

I was tired. I sat down on a log.

DIANNE

Which log, Edith? Look around darling. See if you can see it now.

EDITH LOOKS AROUND, SEES A LOG CLOSE BY, GOES AND SITS ON IT.

DIANNE

Was that the one?
You went that way?

EDITH SHRUGS.

EDITH

I don't know. I was tired. I'm tired now.. But there is one thing I remember .....

DIANNE

(QUIETLY) What do you remember, Edith? Tell us...

EDITH

It was when I was coming down -- when I was running .....

DIANNE AND BUMPHER ARE WATCHING HER -- TOTALLY ABSORBED.

EDITH

It was a cloud.

BUMPHER

(QUIETLY) What sort of a cloud?

EDITH

It was red.

DIANNE IS PUZZLED. BUMPHER IS JUST LOOKING AT EDITH -- TOTALLY BLAND EXPRESSION ON HIS FACE.

EDITH

I remember it clearly. It was just after I passed Miss McCraw.

BUMPHER IS DOWN ON HIS KNEES, RIGHT BESIDE THE CHILD.

BUMPHER

(QUIETLY HOLDING IN HIS EXCITEMENT) Who did you say you passed?

EDITH LOOKS AT HIM. STARES RIGHT INTO HIS FACE.

EDITH

Miss McCraw. She was going up hill, as I was coming down.

BUMPHER

Did she stop? Did you speak?

EDITH SHAKES HER HEAD. SHE IS STARING STRAIGHT AHEAD, NOW, DREDGING DOWN INTO HER MEMORY.

EDITH

She was too far away. She was as far away as those dead trees over there.

37. Contd 37.

EDITH POINTS. BUMPHER MEASURES THE DISTANCE WITH HIS EYES. EDITH IS LOOKING AT DIANNE. SHE GIGGLES

EDITH

She was funny.

BUMPHER

Who was?

EDITH LOOKS AT BUMPHER

EDITH

Miss McCraw

BUMPHER

How was she funny?

EDITH TURNS TO DIANNE. SHE GIGGLES AGAIN.

EDITH

I'd rather not say.

DIANNE

You must, Edith; It could be very important.

EDITH

It's rude.

DIANNE AND BUMPHER EXCHANGE GLANCES. DIANNE GOES RIGHT UP TO EDITH, BENDS DOWN, BUMPHER STEPS BACK A PACE OR TWO. EDITH LOOKS AT HIM, SHRUGS, SMIRKS, COVERS HER MOUTH. WHISPERS IN DIANNE'S EAR. AN EXPRESSION OF HORROR CROSSES DIANNE'S FACE. SHE STANDS, FACES BUMPHER.

DIANNE

Les pantalons. She had no skirt. Just ... les pantalons.

EDITH IS WATCHING THE TWO ADULTS -- HER EYES GLISTENING. SUDDENLY BUMPHER HAS EDITH BY THE SHOULDERS, LOOKING RIGHT INTO HER FACE.

BUMPHER

Drawers ... You mean she was just wearing ..... drawers.

EDITH NODS. HER SMIRK DISAPPEARS, HER LOWER LIP TREMBLES, HER EYES FILL WITH TEARS.

38. EXT. VERANDA AT "LAKE VIEW". AFTERNOON 39.

SEATED ON WICKERWORK CHAIRS ON THE VERANDAH, LOOKING OUT ACROSS THE BEAUTIFUL DREAMING GARDEN ARE BUMPHER AND MICHAEL. THEY EACH HAVE A DRINK. IT IS ALMOST A SOCIAL OCCASION.

CONST. JONES IS HOVERING IN THE BACKGROUND.

BUMPHER TURNS TO MICHAEL, HALF-SMILES.

BUMPHER

The first time we spoke to you, Mr. Fitzhubert; why didn't you tell us you followed the four girls?

MICHAEL

Because... Because I didn't

BUMPHER IS WATCHING HIM. BLAND.

MICHAEL

Well not exactly "followed" them.

BUMP HER IS JUST LOOKING.

JONES BEGINS TAKING OUT HIS NOTEBOOK -- ALMOST SURREPTITIOUSLY

MICHAEL

I ... I just jumped across the creek and walked towards the Rock for a little way.

NOTHING FROM BUMPHER. JONES IS TAKING NOTES -- ALMOST SECRETLY.

MICHAEL

Well, I mean, I was curious. In England, young girls like that wouldn't be allowed to go walking in the forest Not alone.

38. Contd 38.

MICHAEL REALISES THE AMBIGUITY OF HIS LAST WORDS. BUT HE PRESSES ON.

MICHAEL

But they'd gone by the time I was out of the trees; so I turned back.

BUMPHER SAYS NOTHING FOR A LONG MOMENT. MICHAEL IS UNCOMFORTABLE.

BUMPHER

(ON ANOTHER TACK)
As the girls were jumping the creek. What were you thinking about?

MICHAEL LOOKS FROM ONE TO THE OTHER.

MICHAEL

I ...

BUMPHER

Yes?...

MICHAEL

I ... (SHRUGS)
Well, how they all did it differently, as it were.

BUMPHER

How do you mean?

MICHAEL

Well, with differnt degrees of gracefulness, I suppose.

BUMPHER

Did you say anything?

BUMPHER

To Crundall, I mean.

MICHAEL

No. No, I don't think so.

38. Contd 38.

BUMPHER

Did Crundall say anything?

BOTH POLICEMEN ARE WAITING FOR MICHAEL TO ANSWER.

39. INT. "LAKE VIEW" STABLES. AFTERNOON 39.

ALBERT IS SHOVELLING MUCK.

JONES

(V.O. READING)
"He said, 'Look at the front on the little dark one ...'

BUMPHER IS STANDING THERE, WATCHING ALBERT; JONES IS READING FROM HIS NOTEBOOK.

JONES

(READING)
"'Good set of bumps there'".

ALBERT GRINS.

JONES

(READING)
"And then he said, 'And the blonde one on the end. She'd have a good pair of legs ...'"

ALBERT KNOWS WHAT'S COMING, AND HE'S A TOUCH EMBARRASSED NOW.

JONES

(READING)
"'....They'd go all the way up to her bum'".

BUMPHER

Is that what you said?

ALBERT

Something like that.

39. Contd 39.

BUMPHER

So you followed them. So you could have a proper look

ALBERT STOPS SHOVELLING, ANGRY.

ALBERT

No.
I didn't

BUMPHER SAYS NOTHING. JONES SAYS NOTHING.

40. INT. COLLEGE -- MIRANDA & SARA'S BEDROOM. AFTERNOON. 40.

MIRAND'S ROOM -- STILL FULL OF HER POSSESSIONS -- AND HER PRESENCE. HER TENNIS RACKET; HER PHOTOGRAPH IN A SMALL OVAL FRAME; HER MOME-MADE ST. VALENTINE CARD.

SARA IS SITTING ON HER BED, STARING OUT OF THE WINDOW. SHE LOOKS UP AS DIANNE AND BUMPHER COME IN.

DIANNE

Which of these wardrobes is Miranda's, Sara darling?

SARA INDICATES.

SARA

That one.

BUMPHER OPENS THE WARDROBE, BEGINS PULLING THE BEAUTIFUL DRESSES ACROSS, SEARCHING. HE FINALLY PULLS OUT A PAIR OF LONG LACY PANTALOONS.

BUMPHER

(TO DIANNE) One last go. For the bloodhound.

SARA HAS BEEN WATCHING -- HORROR TOUCHING HER EYES. BUMPHER (CARRYING THE PANTALOONS) AND DIANNE ARE ABOUT TO GO OUT. DIANNE THROWS SARA A "BE BRAVE" SMILE. SARA BLINKS, TURNS HER FACE BACK TO THE WINDOW. AN ISOLATE, IN HER OWN TINY HELL.

SARA

(TO HERSELF)
Miranda .....

HOLD THE MOMENT.

41. EXT. HANGING ROCK. AFTERNOON 41.

POLICEMEN (INCLUDING BUMPHER AND JONES) ARE SEARCHING CREVICES IN THE ROCK, LOOKING UNDER HEAPS OF LEAVES AND BARK, PROBING BUSHES WITH LONG STICKS -- OBVIOUSLY LOOKING FOR BODIES. THEY FIND NOTHING.

42. EXT. CREEK BELOW HANGING ROCK. AFTERNOON 42.

A POLICE PARTY (BUMPHER AND JONES AMONG THEM) DRAGGING THE DARK GREEN WATER OF THE CREEK WITH GRAPPLING HOOKS. AGAIN AND AGAIN. NOTHING.

43. EXT. HANGING ROCK. DAY 43.

THE BLOODHOUND, ATTENDED BY BUMPHER AND THE POLICE DOG-HANDLER, SNUFFLING OBSCENELY AMONG THE DUST AND DRY LEAVES.

THERE IS A MOMENT OF EXCITEMENT WHEN, ON AN ALMOST CIRCULAR PLATFORM OF ROCK TOWARDS THE SUMMIT, THE BLOODHOUND SUDDENLY GROWLS AND BRISTLES. BUT AT WHAT? THEY SEARCH THE ROCKS SURROUNDING THE PLATFORM AND FIND NOTHING. THEY HAVE DIFFICULTY, HOWEVER, IN COAXING THE STILL GROWLING HOUND AWAY FROM THE AREA.

44. EXT. COLLEGE GOUNDS. DAY 44.

THE MAIN COLLEGE BUILDING. AT AN UPPER WINDOW, HER FACE PRESSED WHITE AGAINST THE GLASS, IS SARA.

45. EXT. "LAKE VIEW" GARDEN & LAKE. AFTERNOON 45.

SARA:

(V.O.A SOB BREAKING UP THE WORD)
Miranda .....

A BEAUTIFUL WHITE SWAN, FLYING, FLYING, AGAINST THE SKY, ACROSS THE LAKE, BANKING, GLIDING DOWN, LANDING ON THE LAKE, ARCHING ITS NECK AND BRAKING WITH ITS LVELY FEATHER-APREAD WINGS, PLANING TO A SILENT HALT AMONG THE WATER LILIES, CONCENTRIC RIPPLES SPREADING OUT AND OUT AGROSS THE DARK STILL WATER.

SOUND

THE MUSIC OF A SMALL ENSEMBLE.

45A EXT. "LAKE VIEW" BOATHOUSE 45A

C.U. MICHAEL. WE REALISE THE SWAN WAS HIS P.O.V.

ALBERT

(V.O.) The old man hired me to look after horses ....

ALBERT AND MICHAEL ARE SITTING ON THE TINY VERANDAH FRONTING THE LITTLE RUSTIC BOATHOUSE OVERLOOKING THE LAKE, A BOTTLE OF BEER IN FRONT OF THEM; ALBERT IN WORKING CLOTHES, MICHAEL IN MORNING SUIT, HIS GREY TOPPER ON THE SMALL TABLE BESIDE THE BOTTLE.

ALBERT

....so I'm buggered if I'm gunna be a lackey at a bloody garden party.

45B EXT. "LAKE VIEW" LAWNS 45B

ON THE LAWNS BEYOND THE BOATHOUSE A GARDEN PARTY IS IN PROGRESS. MRS FITZHUBERT IS ENTERTAINING THE STATE GOVERNOR AND HIS WIFE AND A NUMBER OF DISTINGUISHED GUESTS. A HIRED FOOTMAN, THREE MUSICIANS FROM MELBOURNE, THE MAIDS SERVING STRAWBERRIES AND CREAM, PLENTY OF FRENCH CHAMPAGNE. COLONEL FITZHUBERT WITH A SELECTED GROUP OF MALE CRONIES, HAS RETREATED WITH TUMBLERS OF SCOTCH AND SODA, UNDER A WEEPING ELM BESIDE THE LAKE, ROUND FROM THE BOATHOUSE.

45C EXT. "LAKE VIEW" BOATHOUSE 45C

ALBERT

So that's what I bloody-well told him. More or less

MICHAEL IS STILL WATCHING THE SWAN. ALBERT TAKES A SWIG ON THE BOTTLE.

MICHAEL

These girls on Hanging Rock ...

ALBERT BURPS

ALBERT

They had the bloodhound out the other day.

45D Contd 45D

ALBERT

They had the bloodhound out the other day.

A SILENCE BETWEEN THEM. MUSIC FROM THE GARDEN PARTY DRIFTS ACROSS.

MICHAEL

Have they found something new? I wake up every night in a cold sweat, wondering if they're still alive.

ALBERT

What I say is this. If the bloody cops, the bloody abo tracker and the bloody dog can't find 'em, no one can ... People have got 'emselves bushed before today, as as far as I'm concerned, that's the stone end of it.

MICHAEL IS SUDDENLY ANGRY. ANGRY AT THIS AUSTRALIAN COMPLACENCY. ANGRY BECAUSE HE CAN"T FORGET THE FACE OF THAT GIRL AS SHE CROSSED THE CREEK. ON AN IMPULSE HE PUSHES HIS BEER AWAY FROM HIM, TOWARDS ALBERT. THE GLASS OVERTURNS, SPILLING THE REMAINS OF HIS DRINK.

MICHAEL

It's not the end of it! Not as far as I'm concerned. They may be dying of thirst somewhere on that infernal rock at this very moment .... While you and I sit ... sit here ... drinking cold bloody beer!

ALBERT EYES THIS "NEW" MICHAEL. HIS INTENSITY HAS GENUINELY SURPRISED, EVEN SHOCKED ALBERT. HE SMILES

ALBERT

That's where you and me's different.

A SILENCE BETWEEN THEM. MUSIC FROM THE GARDEN PARTY DRIFTS ACROSS.

ALBERT

If you take my advice, the sooner you forget the whole thing the better.

45D Contd 45D

MICHAEL

I can't forget it. I never will

STRAINS OF THE ENSEMBLE PLAYING "GOD SAVE THE QUEEN"

ALBERT

The Governor must be leaving--hey?

MICHAEL, PREOCCUPIED, STARES AT THE SWAN.

ALBERT

Your Aunt'll raise hell if you' e not on show ...

MICHAEL

Albert! I want to go back to the Rock.

To look for them. Will you come with me?

ALBERT LIGHTS A CIGARETTE, LOOKS OUT TO THE LAKE, AND THE SWAN.

ALBERT

Beautiful birds, them swans ....

A week in the bush ... They'd be dead by now.

45E. EXT. "LAKE VIEW" LAKE DAY 45E

MICHAEL'S P.O.V.: THE WHITE SWAN, FLAPPING ITS WINGS, MOVING OUT ACROSS THE WATER, ITS PINK FEET TRAILING BEHIND, STRUGGLING TO GET AIRBORNE, UP, UP, THEN SOARING-WHEELING ACROSS THE LAKE, FLAPPING AGAIN, UPWARDS, AND DRIFTING OFF ACROSS THE TREE TOPS AND OUT OF SHOT.

MICHAEL

(V.O.) Then I'll go alone.

Contd as per script. With Sc. 46.

46. EXT. "LAKE VIEW" KITCHEN DOOR/BACK VERANDAH 46.
EARLY MORNING

FX

EARLY MORNING BIRDS

MICHAEL, SNEAKING OUT THROUGH THE KITCHEN DOOR, ALMOST GUILTILY, CARRYING HIS BOOTS. HE PAUSES ON THE BACK VERANDAH, PULLS ON HIS BOOTS, WALKS QUIETLY OFF TOWARDS THE STABLES

47. EXT. "LAKE VIEW" DRIVE. EARLY MORNING 47.

ALBERT AND MICHAEL, RIDING DOWN THE "LAKE VIEW" DRIVE. OUT THROUGH THE GATES ONTO THE STEEP, TREE-SHADED LANE. LUSH, VERDANT, CIVILISED, AFFLUENT, LYRICAL. SMOKE SPIRALLING UP FROM BREAKFASTING KITCHENS BEYOND HIGH-HEDGED GARDENS.

47A EXT. MACEDON FOREST. MORNING 47A

ON A RIDGE ABOVE THE PLAIN, ALBERT AND MICHAEL REIN IN AND PAUSE. HOTTER NOW; THE HORSES SWEATING THE TWO MEN HANGING IN THEIR SADDLES, SADDLE-BAGS PACKED WITH PROVISIONS HALF-BAGS OF CHAFF TIED ON BEHIND -- WELL-PREPARED.

47B EXT. HANGING ROCK. MORNING 47B

THEIR P.O.V.: HANGING ROCK, FLOATING IN SPLENDID ISOLATION ON A SEA OF PALE GRASS, IN FULL SUNLIGHT ITS JAGGED PEAKS AND PINNACLES MORE SINISTER THAN EVER.

47C EXT. RIDGE. MORNING 47C

HEELS INTO FLANKS AND THE HORSES ARE MOVING OFF THROUGH THE HOT STILL AIR, DOWN THE RIDGE AND OUT OF SHOT. THE ROCK: WAITING.

48. EXT. HANGING ROCK. EARLY AFTERNOON 48.

FX

THE BUZZING OF BLOWFLIES.

MICHAEL IS PUSHING HIS WAY THROUGH THE THICK SCRUB, SCRATCHING HIS BODY, CLUTCHING AT HIS CLOTHES, TREACHEROUS UNDERFOOT.

48 Contd

OUT OF THE SCRUB. AHEAD A GRASSY SLOPE, MERGING INTO BRACKEN. FRONDS OF CURLED BROWN VELVET SNAP UNDER HIS TOUCH, HIS BOOTS TREAD DOWN THE NEAT ABODES OF ANTS AND SPIDERS, HIS HAND BRUSHING AGAINST A STREAMER OF BARK DISLODGES A WRITHING COLONY OF CATERPILLARS IN THICK FUR COATS, BRUTALLY EXPOSED TO THE STRONG LIGHT.

FROM A LOOSE STONE A LIZARD AWAKES AND DARTS TO SAFETY AT THE CLUMPING MONSTER'S APPROACH. THE RISE GROWS STEEPER, THE UNDERGROWTH DENSER. GENTLE MICHAEL, SWEATING FREELY NOW, PUSHES ON THROUGH THE WAIST-HIGH BRACKEN, EVERY STEP CUTTING A SWATHE OF DEATH AND DESTRUCTION THROUGH THE DUSTY GREEN.

48A EXT. HANGING ROCK 48A

MID-AFTERNOON. HIGHER UP. MICHAEL LOOKING WAY DOWN BELOW: THE POOL. LOOKING UP: THE VERTICAL FACADE OF THE ROCK DRAWING NEARER, MASSIVE SLABS AND SOARING RECTABGLES, OUTCROPS OF PREHISTORIC ROCK AND GIANT BOULDERS FORCING THEIR WAY TO THE SURFACE ABOVE LAYERS OF ROTTING VEGETATION AND ANIMAL DECAY: BONES, FEATHERS, BIRDLIME, THE SHED SKINS OF SNAKES. ROCKS WITH JAGGED HORNS AND JUTTING SPIKES, OBSCENE KNOBS AND SCABBY CARBUNCLES; OTHERS SMOOTHLY HUMPED AND ROUNDED BY THE PASSING OF A MILLION YEARS. THE ONLY SOUND THE BUZZING OF FLIES.

48B EXT. HANGING ROCK 48.

LATE AFTERNOON. MICHAEL, HIGHER UP STILL. STUMBLING AND CLIMBING, SEEMINGLY WITH NO MEANING. SUDDENLY --

ALBERT

(V.O.) A DISTANT FAINT COO-EE

MICHAEL PAUSES, LOOKING DOWN.

48C EXT. HANGING ROCK 48C

MICHAEL'S P.O.V.: THE PICNIC GROUND DIMINISHED TO A PATCH OF PINK AND GOLD LIGHT BETWEEN THE TREES.

ALBERT

(V.O.) THE DISTANT COO-EE COME AGAIN.

48D EXT. HANGING ROCK. LATE AFTERNOON 48D

MICHAEL LOOKS UPWARDS. THE ROCK GOES UPWARDS, SEEMINGLY FOREVER. TAKING A TINY PIGSKIN-COVERED NOTEBOOK FROM HIS POCKET, HE TEARS OUT A NUMBER OF LEAVES AND SPIKES THEM ONTO THE TWIGS OF A MOUNTAIN LAUREL. TAKING ONE LAST LOOK AROUND, MICHAEL MOVES OFF DOWNHILL AND OUT OF SHOT, LEAVING THE FRAGMENTS OF PAPER HANGING LIKE LITTLE FLAGS IN THE CALM EVENING AIR. THE ONLY SOUND IS THE BUZZING OF BLOW-FLIES.

49. EXT. CREEK BELOW HANGING ROCK. EVENING 49

ALBERT AND MICHAEL SHARE A CUP OF TEA BY A BRIGHTLY BURNING FIRE.

ALBERT

I followed that old overgrown track up ... seemed like miles -- on me stomach. Nothing 'cept animals bones.

MICHAEL SAYS NOTHING.

ALBERT

(ALMOST IN EXPLANATION)
People stop usin' tracks;
but animals don't.

MICHAEL IS SIPPING THE HOT TEA, PRE-OCCUPIED.

MICHAEL SHAKES HIS HEAD.

CONTD AS PER SCRIPT WITH PAGE 76 BUT DELETE ALBERTS FIRST SPEECH.

49. Contd 49.

ALBERT

We'll have to get moving. It'll be dark before we get home. Even now.

MICHAEL

(SUDDENLY)
I'm staying here.

ALBERT

You're what?

MICHAEL

I'm staying here.

ALBERT

(ALMOST INCREDULOUS)
You mean here?
On the Rock?

MICHAEL

Yes.

ALBERT

What the hell for?

MICHAEL DOESN'T ANSWER

ALBERT

You're bloody mad!

MICHAEL

(LOSING HIS TEMPER)
Perhaps I am. But I'm still staying. Someone has to. Just because all you lot are Australians, you think.....

ALBERT

(QUIETLY) You're a funny bugger ...

49 Contd 49

MICHAEL HAS REGAINED HIS TEMPER

ALBERT LOOKS AT HIM: HARD. HE REALISES THERE IS NO USE HIS ARGUING. BUT HE HAS ANOTHER WORRY.

ALBERT

What the hell am I gunna tell 'em when I get back without yer?

MICHAEL

Tell them anything you like.

ALBERT LOOKS AT MICHAEL'S IMPLACCABLE FACE: PROBING, WITHOUT SUCCESS.

50. INT. COLONEL FITZHUBERT'S STUDY. NIGHT 50

COLONEL FITZHUBERT, IN HIS SHADOWED STUDY, STARING INTO A GLASS OF PORT, LAMPLIGHT FLICKERING ON THE FINE GLASSWARE. WORRY TOUCHES THE COLONEL'S EYES. HE LOOKS UP.

COLONEL

Woodend?

ALBERT IS STANDING AWKARDLY NEAR THE DOOR.

ALBERT

At the Macedon Arms, sir. That little pub near the station.

COLONEL

Hmmm.
Well, I'm dashed if I know how his aunt will take it.

ALBERT BREATHES OUT.

DELETE PAGE 78

50. Contd 50.

THE COLONEL GIVES ONE LAST LOOK ....

COLONEL

Hmmmm .....

.... THEN TAKES A GOOD DRAUGHT OF PORT

COLONEL

All right, Carry on, Crundall.

ALBERT

(V.O.) Thank you, sir.

SOUND OVER

ALBERT GOING OUT.

THE COLONEL STARING AT NOTHING.

51. EXT. CREEK BELOW HANGING ROCK. NIGHT 51.

FX

BUSH NIGHT SOUNDS

THE BUSH -- BLACK. SUDDENLY, TO ONE SIDE IS A FLASH OF WHITE. A TWIG SNAPS. WE PAN TO FIND OUT WHAT IT IS. OUR EYES STRAIN. THE WRIATH-LIKE THING COME AGAIN. IT IS THE TETHERED ARAB PONY CROPPING GRASS IN THE DARKNESS.
WE PAN A LITTLE FURTHER TO FIND MICHAEL ON A BED OF BRACKEN, ASLEEP, UNCOVERED. HE MOANS A LITTLE AND MOVES -- BUT HE SLEEPS ON.

52. INT. ALBERT'S ROOM AND ABOVE THE STABLES NIGHT 52.

FX

A HORSE SNUFFLING AND STAMPING - SOMEWHERE CLOSE.

ALBERT'S TRUCKLE BED IN HIS LITTLE BOX OF A ROOM ABOVE THE "LAKE VIEW" STABLES. ALBERT IS LYING THERE, HIS EYES WIDE OPEN, STARING INTO THE DARKNESS.

53. EXT. HANGING ROCK -- LOWER SLOPES. NIGHT 53.

FX

BUSH NIGHT SOUNDS.

SOMEONE IS COMING, AS QUIETLY AS POSSIBLE, PUSHING THROUGH THE BRACKEN AND THE SPIKY SCRUB. CLOSER. ALMOST STEATHILY. CLOSER. HEAVY BREATHING. CLOSER, THE BRANCHES PART. A WHITE FACE LOOMS UP TO THE LENS. MICHAEL. HE PUSHES PAST, A STRAINING, HAUNTED BLUR. THE BRANCHES WHIP BACK AND STING OUR FACE.

54. EXT. HANGING ROCK. DAWN TO MID MORNING 54.

FX

MAGPIES -- EARLY MORNING BIRDS.

MICHAEL COMES INTO SHOT, PUSHING HIS CHILLED BODY THROUGH THE DEW-WET, WAIST-HIGH BRACKEN. HIGHER UP. THE SCRAPS OF PAPER ON THE MOUNTAIN LAUREL, NOW LIMP WITH DEW. MICHAEL TOUCHES ONE OF THEM, LOOKS UP AHEAD, THEN PUSHES ON, UPWARDS.

54A EXT. HANGING ROCK. 54A

HIGHER UP STILL. MID-MORNING, NOW. NO BIRD SONGS. MICHAEL SPIKES A PAGE FROM HIS NOTEBOOK ON A TWIG, MARKING HIS ROUTE. HE IS WEARYING. HE STUMBLES, HIS FOOT CAUGHT IN A CLEFT. SLOWLY, CAREFULLY, HE EXTRICATES IT. HE LOOKS UP.

MICHAEL'S P.O.V.: HE IS STARING STRAIGHT INTO THE GAZE OF A WALLABY, SOME 20 FEET AWAY, LOOKING DOWN AT HIM FROM A LEDGE OF ROCK. THE WALLABY WATCHES HIM FOR A MOMENT, THEN BOUNDS OFF SLOWLY ON A ZIG-ZAG COURSE, FOLLOWING AN ANIMAL TRACK THROUGH THE UNDERGROWTH.

MICHAEL

(TO HIMSELF)
People stop using tracks; but animals don't .....

54B EXT. HANGING ROCK. 54B

MICHAEL PULLS HIMSELF UP ONTO THE LEDGE, SETS OFF ALONG THE WALLABY'S PATH, SPIKING ANOTHER SCRAP OF PAPER AS HE GOES.

EVEN HIGHER. HOT, NOW. AND STILL. MICHAEL EMERGES FROM THE SCRUB ONTO AN EVEN HIGHER LEDGE, A NATURAL PLATFORM OF STRIATED ROCK RIDGED WIH STONES, BOULDERS AND CLUMPS OF WIRY FERN, SHADED BY STRAGGLING EUCALYPTS. MICHAEL PAUSES, LOOKS ABOUT FOR A MOMENT; TOTALLY WEARY, HIS LEGS LIKE LEAD. A SLOPING ROCK OFFERS MEAGRE SHADE. HE LOWERS HIMSELF DOWN AND FALLS ASLEEP.

FX

THE BUZZING OF BLOWFLIES.

HOLD MICHAEL, IN THE THIN RAGGED SLEEP OF EXHAUSTION.

55. EXT. "LAKE VIEW" STABLES. DRIVE. GATEWAY. 55
MIDDAY.

OUTSIDE THE STABLES. ALBERT SWINGS HIS LEG OVER HIS HORSE, MOUNTS. A HALF-BAG OF CHAFF TIED BEHIND THE SADDLE, THE SADDLE-BAGS PACKED. ALBERT RIDES OFF, PAST THE HOUSE, DOWN THE DRIVE, OUT THROUGH THE GATE, ON UP THE LANE.

56. EXT. HANGING ROCK. MIDDAY 56.

MICHAEL, STILL ASLEEP BENEATH THE OVERHANGING ROCK. HIS FACE MOVES, TWITCHES.

FX

THE BLOWFLIES HAVE GONE, REPLACED BY A LOW WORDLESS MURMUR, ALMOST LIKE DISTANT VOICES, WITH NOW AND THEN A SORT OF TRILLING THAT MIGHT BE LITTLE SPURTS OF LAUGHTER.

MICHAEL OPENS HIS EYES, LOOKING STRAIGHT UP.

HIS P.O.V.: EUCALYPTS, THEIR LONG POINTED SILVER LEAVES HANGING MOTIONLESS ON THE HEAVY AIR.

MIRANDA

(V.O. A LITTLE WAY OFF)
LAUGHING.

MICHAEL IS ON HIS FEET, LOOKING UPWARDS.

Contd 56.

MIRANDA

(V.O.) THE LAUGHTER COMES AGAIN.

MICHAEL

Miranda?

NO ANSWER

MICHAEL

(LOUDER, ALMOST FEVERISH)
Miranda!

NO ANSWER

MICHAEL SETS OFF, UPHILL. RUNNING, AS BEST HE CAN UP THE STEEP SLOPE. PRICKLY GREY-GREEN DOGWOOD TEARS AT HIS FINE ENGLISH SKIN. HUGE ROCKS AND BOULDERS BLOCK HIS PATH, EACH A NIGHTMARE OBSTACLE TO BE SOMEHOW GOT AROUND, CLAMBERED OVER, CRAWLED UNDER. THEY GROW LARGER AND MORE FANTASTIC.

MICHAEL

(CALLING)
Miranda!
Miranda!

HE PAUSES, AND SOMEHOW IN HIS FEVERISH STATE HE SPEARS A SCRAP OF PAPER TO A BUSH, THEN MOVES OF.

MICHAEL LIFTS HIS EYES FOR A MOMENT FROM THE TREACHEROUS GROUND UNDERFOOT.

56A. EXT. HANGING ROCK 56A

HIS P.O.V.: THE MOMOLITH, BLACK AGAINST THE SUN.

A SCATTER OF PEBBLES INTO THE CHASM BELOW AND MICHAEL SLIPS ON A JAGGED SPUR AND FALLS. A SPEAR OF PAIN JABS AT HIS ANKLE, HE STAGGERS TO HIS FEET AND STARTS HAULING HIMSELF UP ON TO THE NEXT BOULDER. UP AND OVER. ANOTHER SCRAP OF PAPER PIERCED ON A GREEN SPINE AND ON AGAIN, IN BLANK AGONY. ON ANDUP AND OUT OF SHOT, ONLY THE LIMP FRAGMENT OF PAPER MARKING HIS PAIN-RACKED PATH.

(There no pages 84 thru 93)

57. EXT. CREEK BELOW HANGING ROCK. MID-AFTERNOON 57.

THE ARAB PONY, TETHERED, FEEDING. THE PONY LIFTS ITS HEAD, WHINNIES.
ALBERT, HIS HORSE IN A LATHER OF SWEAT, IS RIDING INTO THE CAMP-SITE. HE NOTES THE PONY, DISMOUNTS, TETHERS HIS HORSE, KICKS THE FIRE, LOOKS ABOUT.

ALBERT

COO-EES.

NO ANSWER.

ALBERT

COO-EES AGAIN.

NO ANSWER.

ALBERT MOVES OFF TOWARDS THE CREEK AND OUT OF SHOT.

ALBERT, LEAPING THE CREEK, MOVING OFF THROUGH THE FOREST; URGENTLY.

58. EXT. HANGING ROCK. MID-AFTERNOON 58

ALBERT IS FOLLOWING LEAVES OF PAPER SPIKED ON BUSHES. FROM ONE TO THE NEXT, TO THE NEXT. HOT, TIRED. ITS BEEN A LONG HARD CLIMB.

FX

A BLOWFLY BEGINS BUZZING -- SUDDENLY.

ALBERT LOOKS UP, AHEAD; SEES SOMETHING. RUNS FORWARD; STOPS. MICHAEL IS LYING ON HIS SIDE, SLUMPED OVER A TUSSOCK, ONE LEG DOUBLED UP UNDER HIM, FACING AWKWARDLY DOWNHILL, UNCONSCIOUS, DEATHLY PALE, BUT BREATHING. BADLY SCRATCHED FACE AND HANDS. BESET BY ANTS AND FLIES.

ALBERT

Hell .....

ALBERT KNOWS FROM MICHAEL'S POSITION THAT SOMETHING IS ALMOST SURELY BROKEN. AND HE KNOWS BETTER THAN TO ATTEMPT TO MOVE HIM. HE PULLS SOME LEAFY BRANCHES OFF SOME BUSHES, GENTLY PILLOWS THEM UNDER MICHAEL'S HEAD, LOOKS AT HIM FOR A MOMENT, THEN MOVES OFF HURRIEDLY DOWNHILL, OUT OF SHOT, LEAVING MICHAEL ALONE.

(There no pages 84 thru 93)

59. EXT. HANGING ROCK - LATE AFTERNOON 59.

HIGH ANGLE L.S. ALBERT ON HORSEBACK, FOLLOWED BY A BUGGY WITH DR McKENZIE AND SERGEANT BUMPHER ABOARD, MOVE AT SPEED THROUGH THE OPEN GATEWAY AND INTO THE PICNIC GROUND, PULLING UP AT THE CAMP-SITE. ALBERT HAS DISMOUNTED, THE TWO MEN HAVE SCRAMBLED DOWN FROM THE BUGGY. ALBERT IS LEADING THEM TOWARDS THE CREEK AND THE ROCK.

60. EXT. HANGING ROCK. LATE AFTERNOON 60

BUMPHER AND ALBERT, SCRAMBLING DOWNHILL AS BEST THEY CAN, BEARING BETWEEN THEM A MAKESHIFT STRETCHER FASHIONED FROM THE ALL-WEATHER BUGGY RUG AND TWO SAPLING POLES, MICHAEL'S INSERT BODY JOGGING AND SLIDING PERILOUSLY ABOUT ON THE STRETCHER. CLOSE BEHIND IS DR McKENZIE, CLUTCHING HIS BLACK BAG.

61. EXT. PICNIC GROUND. LATE AFTERNOON 61

BUMPHER AND ALBERT ARE ABOUT TO LIFT THE STRETCHER UP ONTO THE BUGGY. THE DOCTOR TAKES ALBERTS END OFF HIM.

DOCTOR

I'll take it, young feller. I've had thrity years experience fitting 'em in so they don't spill out on the road.

MICHAEL IS BEING HOISTED INTO THE BUGGY. SUDDENLY HIS EYES SNAP OPEN. HE IS STARING BESEECHINGLY INTO ALBERT'S FACE. HIS EYES TILT DOWNWARDS, LOOKING AT ONE HAND, THE HAND UNCLENCHES. IN THE PALM IS A FRAGMENT OF TORN, DUST-SOILED LACE. ALBERT SEES THE LACE. BUMPHER AND THE DOCTOR ARE OTHERWISE ENGAGED. ALBERT TAKES THE LACE, NODS AT MICHAEL. MICHAEL'S EYES CLOSE ONCE MORE.

ALBERT BEGINS MOVING AWAY FROM THE BUGGY.

ALBERT

I'll catch you up.

BUMPHER LOOKS UP, PUZZLED.

HIS P.O.V.: ALBERT, BREAKING INTO A RUN, HEADING FOR THE LOWER SLOPES OF THE ROCK.

62. EXT. LOWER SLOPES OF ROCK. LATE AFTERNOON 62.

ALBERT, THRUSTING UPHILL, DETERMINATION JUST HOLDING HIS PANIC UNDER. UPWARDS, UPWARDS.

63. EXT. HANGING ROCK. LATE AFTERNOON 63.

ALBERT, AT THE POINT WHERE HE FOUND MICHAEL. HE SEES THE PAPER LEAF SPIKED TO THE TWIG. LOOKS UPHILL, SEES ANOTHER ONE IN DISTANCE, BEGINS MOVING TOWARDS IT.

ANOTHER PIECE OF PAPER; ALBERT MOVING ON, UPWARDS.

ANOTHER.

AND ANOTHER; THE MOMOLITH IS STRAIGHT UP AHEAD.

FX

THE BUZZING OF FLIES INVADES THE SOUND TRACK.

A SLIP OF PAPER, SPEARED THROUGH BY A THORN. ALBERT LOOKS TO THE LEFT -- THE WAY MICHAEL HAD GONE, MOVING LEVEL WITH THE MOMOLITH, THE SAWTOOTH RIDGE OF THE TOPMOST PEAKS GLITTERING LIKE GOLD AGAINST THE SUNSET.

FX

THE BUZZING OF FLIES IS LOUD, NOW.

UP AHEAD ARE THE TWO "BALANCING BOULDERS". ALBERT PUSHES ON TOWARDS THEM, FOLLOWING THE BRAVE LITTLE PAPER FLAGS.

64A EXT. HANGING ROCK. 64A

IMMEDIATELY BELOW THE BALANCING BOULDERS ALBERT PAUSED, MOVES FORWARD, HESITATES, THEN DRIVES HIMSELF TOWARDS IT; LYING ON THE GROUND.

FX

THE BUZZING OF FLIES IS ALMOST INTOLERABLY LOUD.

A GIRL, LYING FACE DOWNWARDS ON A LEDGE OF SLOPING ROCK DIRECTLY UNDERNEATH THE LOWER OF THE TWO BOULDERS, ONE ARM FLUNG OUT OVER HER HEAD, LIKE A CHILD FALLEN ASLEEP ON A HOT AFTERNOON. ANTS EVERYWHERE. BUSY. TO ALBERT A DEAD THING. HATED. CORRUPTED. HE STRETCHES OUT HIS LEG, CATCHES HIS ELASTIC-SIDED BOOT UNDER ONE SHOULDER AND TIPS IT OVER -- AS HE WOULD A DEAD CALF IN THE PADDOCK. THE EYES ARE CLOSED, THE DARK RINGLETS MATTED WITH DUST AND DRIED BLOOD. A BIG BLOW FLY CRAWLS OUT OF A NOSTRIL. ALBERT GAGS, IS ALMOST SICK, HE FORCES HIMSELF TO TOUCH AND HOLD ONE SEVERELY-SCRATCHED WRIST.

64A Contd 64

ALBERT

Christ!

SUDDENLY AS ALBERT STARES AT THE HATED THING, THERE IS A FLICK OF LIFE FROM IRMA. PERHAPS AN EYELID MOVES. ALBERT HORROR IS NOW OVERWHEMLMING.

ALBERT

Jesus bloody Christ!

ALBERT STARTS BACK, TAKES ONE LAST LOOK, THEN MOVES OFF, AS THE DARKNESS, STORED ALL DAY IN FETID HOLES AND CAVES, SEEPS OUT INTO TWILIGHT. THE GIRL IS LEFT ONCE MORE ALONE; TO THE ANTS AND THE HARSHLY CELEBRATING FLIES.

64B EXT. HANGING ROCK. LATE AFTERNOON 64B

LOW ANGLE L.S. ALBERT, WAY UP ON THE TOP OF A CLIFF-FACE. SILHOUETTED. HE CUPS HIS HANDS AROUND HIS MOUTH.

ALBERT

(A LONG, TERRIBLE WAIL)
Ahhhhhhhh .....!
Ahhhhhh .....!

64C EXT. HANGING ROCK. LATE AFTERNOON 64C

ALBERT'S P.O.V. HIGH ANGLE L.S. THE POLICE VEHICLE, TURNING AROUND, HEADING BACK TOWARDS THE ROCK.

64D EXT. WOODEND MAIN STREET. NIGHT 64D

WOODEND MAIN STREET, FITFULLY LIT BY A FEW FLARING LAMPS. LITTLE KNOTS OF PEOPLE ARE GATHERING, ALMOST SPONTANEOUSLY.

INTO SHOT COMES THE BUGGY, DRIVEN BY BUMPHER, DR McKENZIE SEATED BESIDE HIM. IN THE BUGGY ARE THE INERT, UNCONSCIOUS FORMS OF MICHAEL AND IRMA, WRAPPED IN BLANKETS: CHILDREN. A GRIM-FACED ALBERT RIDES BESIDE THE BUGGY. THE BUGGY STOPS OUTSIDE THE DISPENSARY. THE DOCTOR TUMBLES OUT, HURRIES INTO THE DISPENSARY. THREE OR FOUR LOCALS GATHER AROUND, PEERING INTO THE BUGGY.

64A Contd 64A

ALBERT

Jesus bloody Christ!

ALBERT STARTS BACK, HORRIFIED AND SHOCKED, TAKES ONE LAST LOOK, THEN MOVES OFF, AS THE DARKNESS, STORED ALL DAY IN FETID HOLES AND CAVES, SEEPS OUT INTO TWILIGHT. THE GIRL IS LEFT ONCE MORE ALONE; TO THE ANTS AND THE HARSHLY CELEBRATING FLIES.

64. EXT. WOODEND MAIN STREET. NIGHT 64

WOODEND MAIN STREET, FITFULLY LIT. BY A FEW FLARING LAMPS. LITTLE KNOTS OF PEOPLE ARE GATHERING, ALMOST SPONTANEOUSLY

INTO SHOT COMES THE BUGGY, DRIVEN BY BUMPHER, DR. McKENZIE SEATED BESIDE HIM. IN THE BUGGY ARE THE INERT, UNCONSCIOUS FORMS OF MICHAEL AND IRMA, WRAPPED IN BLANKETS: CHILDREN. A GRIM-FACED ALBERT RIDES BESIDE THE BUGGY, MOVING AT A SLOW TROT.

64a INT. BUMPHER'S HOUSE. NIGHT 64a

A VERY TIRED, CONFUSED LOOKING BUMPHER CLOSES THE FRONT DOOR OF HIS HOUSE. HE LETS OUT A SIGH AND LOOSENS THE TOP BUTTONS OF HIS JACKET.

OUTSIDE, VARIOUS SHOUTS AND THE SOUND OF RUNNING FEET MOMENTARILY DISTRACT HIM.

MRS BUMPHER HAS BEEN STANDING NEAR THE KITCHEN DOOR ALL THE WHILE, OBSERVING HER HUSBAND. SHE LOOKS FRIGHTENED AND SPEAKS ALMOST IN A WHISPER.

MRS BUMPHER

What does it mean, Lionel?
What does it all mean?

BUMPHER AVOIDS HER EYES.

MORE SHOUTING AND THE SOUND OF MEN AND HORSES BREAKS THE SPELL. BUMPHER MOVES TO THE DOOR.

65. INT. COLLEGE -- DIANNE'S BEDROOM. NIGHT 65

DIANNE, ILLUMINATED BY A GUTTERING CANDLE, JUST BEGINNING TO WAKE.

MINNIE

(V.O.) Mam'selle .....!

DIANNE BEGINS SITTING UP

MINNIE IS STANDING BY THE BED HOLDING A CANDLE.

MINNIE

(UNABLE TO CONTAIN HERSELF ANY LONGER)
They've found Irma!

DIANNE

What did you say?

MINNIE

Theyve found Irma. And she's still alive.

DIANNE EXHALES -- A LONG PENT-UP SIGHT OF RELIEF.

DIANNE

NO-one else?

MINNIE LOOKS AT DIANNE, SHAKES HER HEAD, HER EYES FILLING WITH TEARS.

65A EXT. WOODEND MAIN STREET. NIGHT 65A

A GROUP OF MEN --ALL ARMED, SEVERAL CARRYING FLARING TORCHES -- COME CLATTERING ALONG THE STREET, MOVING IN THE DIRECTION OF THE ROCK.

SUDDENLY A MOUNTED CONSTABLE JONES RIDES OUT OF A SIDE STREET, PU LS UP IN FRONT OF THE ARMED MEN, HOLDING UP ONE HAND, THEY SLOW TO A WALK, THEN STOP.

JONES

The search has been called off.

LOCAL

We won't be searchin'.
Not for bodies.

65AContd 65A.

CONSTABLE JONES NOTES THE WEAPONS.

JONES

Go home. There's nothing you can do.

ANOTHER LOCAL

It's gone on long enough!

JONES

Go home. It's a police matter.

JONES AND THE LOCALS STARE AT EACH OTHER FOR A LONG HARD MOMENT. THE TALL MOUNTED POLICEMAN, UNARMED, SITTING ON HIS TALL DARK HORSE, THE POLISHED ACCOUTREMENT GLITTERING IN THE LANTERN LIGHT, IS A SYMBOL OF AUTHORITY THEY ARE NOT PREPARED TO DEFY.

THEY SLOWLY, RELUCTANTLY DRIFT AWAY.

JONES SITS THERE IN THE NEAR DARKNESS WATCHING THEM HIS THOUGHTS HOODED.

65B INT. BUMPHER'S HOUSE. NIGHT 65B

A VERY TIRED, CONFUSED LOOKING BUMPHER CLOSES THE FRONT DOOR OF HIS HOUSE. HE LETS OUT A SIGH AND LOOSENS THE TOP BUTTONS OF HIS JACKET.

OUTSIDE, VARIOUS SHOUTS AND THE SOUND OF RUNNING FEET MOMENTARILY DISTRACT HIM.

MRS BUMPHER HAS BEEN STANDING NEAR THE KITCHEN DOOR ALL THE WHILE, OBSERVING HER HUSBAND. SHE LOOKS FRIGHTENED. BUMPHER AVOIDS HER EYES.

MORE SHOUTING AND THE SOUND OF MEN AND HORSES BREAKS THE SPELL. BUMPHER MOVES TO THE DOOR.

66. INT. COLLEGE SCHOOLROOM. MORNING 66

MRS APPLEYARD ADDRESSING THE PUPILS: FORMALLY PIOUS

MRS APPLEYARD

We can thank the Lord for this merciful deliverance of our dear classmate Irma .....

THE GIRLS -- ALL OF THEM -- SITTING AT DESKS: STUNNED, WIDE-EYED.

66. Contd 66.

MRS APPLEYARD

.... and pray that Marion and Miranda ...

THE TWO TEACHERS ARE STANDING AT THE BACK OF THE ROOM. DIANNE -- PLEASED; MISS LUMLEY -- TRYING TO ASSIMILATE THE TRUTH OF IT.

MRS APPLEYARD

...and our beloved Miss McCraw, will be likewise spared. It has been seen fit that our dear Irma should convalesce at the home of Colonel Fitzhubert in Mount Macedon ...

THE GIRLS ARE STILL STARING AT MRS APPLEYARD, BARELY ABLE TO BELIVE THE NEWS.

Contd as per script

PAGE 101

As per script but add

MRS APPLEYARD STANDS. SHE IS NOW SPEAKING DIRECTLY AT THE PORTRAIT OF HER DEAR DEPARTED HUSBAND.

After Miss Lumley's last speech on that page

AS PER SCRIPT.

66. INT. COLLEGE SCHOOLROOM. MORNING 66.

MRS APPLEYARD ADDRESSING THE PUPILS: FORMALLY PIOUS.

MRS APPLEYARD

....And so we can thank the Lord for this merciful deliverance of our dear classmate Irma ....

THE GIRLS -- ALL OF THEM -- SITTING AT DESKS: STUNNED, WIDE-EYED.

MRS APPLEYARD

... and pray that Marion and Miranda ...

THE TWO TEACHERS ARE STANDING AT THE BACK OF THE ROOM. DIANNE -- PLEASED; MISS LUMLEY -- TRYING TO ASSIMILATE THE TRUTH OF IT.

MRS APPLEYARD

... and our beloved Miss McCraw, will be likewise spared.

THE GIRLS ARE STILL STARING AT MRS APPLEYARD, BARELY ABLE TO BELEVE THE NEWS.

MRS APPLEYARD

So although you will be delighted by these good tidings, I would ask you, please, to remember that of the three remaining lost members of the party there is, as yet, no trace.

THE GIRLS ARE STILL TAKING IT IN. MRS APPLEYARD LOOKS OVER THEIR HEADS TOWARDS THE BACK OF THE ROOM.

MRS APPLEYARD

Would you come with me to my study, please Miss Lumley.

MISS LUMLEY BEGINS MOVING TOWARDS THE DOOR

MRS APPLEYARD

You may carry on, Mademoiselle.

DIANNE MOVES TO THE FRONT OF THE CLASS, MRS APPLEYARD AND MISS LUMLEY GO OUT. AS SOON AS THE DOOR CLOSES THE GIRLS GO WILD WITH HYSTERICAL JOY: LAUGHTER, TEARS, FOUND EMBRACES, TWO GIRLS DANCING A FEVERED JIG AROUND

66. Contd 66.

THE ROOM; AND DIANNE WATCHING THEM: A SMILE ON HER LIPS AND TEARS IN HER EYES.

67. INT. COLLEGE - HEADMISTRESS'S STUDY. MORNING 67.

MISS LUMLEY IS STANDING IN THE MIDDLE OF THE ROOM, MRS APPLEYARD IS CLOSING THE DOOR -- SHUTTING OUT THE WORLD.

MRS LUMLEY

(TOUCH TIMIDLY)
Wonderful news, Mrs Appleyard.

MRS APPLEYARD IS SITTING DOWN BEHIND HER DESK.

MRS APPLEYARD

Don't be so foolish woman. If all of them had been found -- but only one. That will make it worse. Far worse.

MISS LUMLEY IS STUCK DUMB BY HER TONE.

MRS APPLEYARD

This tragedy is little more than a week old, and already three -- three, mark you -- sets of parents have written advising me that their daughters will not be here next term.

MISS LUMLEY IS ABOUT TO SAY: "HOW INCONSIDERATE", BUT SHE DOESN'T GET A CHANCE.

MRS APPLEYARD

... Now the newspapers have got something further to sensationalise about. Newspapers all over the world have headlined our morbid affair, Miss Lumley, you realise that, I suppose.

MISS LUMLEY NODS, QUIVERING WITH THE SHEER THRILLING HORROR OF IT. MRS. APPLEYARD HAS THE BIG LEDGER ON THE DESK. SHE OPENS IT, BEGINS FLIPPING THROUGH THE PAGES.

MRS APPLEYARD

The t ree who have been withdrawn, plus the three missing on the.. Rock .....

MISS LUMLEY

Two, Mrs Appleyard. Only two, now. (Im quite sure Irma ... (will be coming back)

MRS APPLEYARD GIVES HER A "SHUT UP YOU STUPID BITCH" LOOK; PUSHES ON.

MRS APPLEYARD

That makes six who will definitely not be with us next term.

MRS APPLEYARD IS LOOKING DOWN THE CURRENT COLUMN OF NAMES AND FIGURES.

MRS APPLEYARD

And several sets of tuition fees are impossibly overdue.

MISS LUMLEY IS ENJOYING HERSELF NOW, BEING TAEKN INTO THE HEADMISTRESS'S CONFIDENCE LIKE THIS.

MRS APPLEYARD

Sara Waybourne, for instance.

MISS LUMELY

Most inconsiderate, if I may so, Mrs. Appleyard.

MRS APPLEYARD STANDS.

MRS APPLEYARD

Yes, well I expect we shall see our way through, somehow.

SHE GLANCES AT THE CLOCK.

67. Contd

67.

MRS APPLEYARD

Don't let me detain you, Miss Lumley. You have a class in a few minutes, I believe ...

MISS LUMLEY STANDS

MISS LUMLEY

Senior needlework.

MRS APPLEYARD

Just ask the Waybourne girl to call in to see me, will you please. Straight after luncheon will be convenient.

MISS LUMLEY

Yes, Mrs Appleyard.

MISS LUMLEY IS ABOUT TO GO

MRS APPLEYARD

Oh, and Miss Lumley ....

MISS LUMLEY PAUSES.

MRS APPLEYARD

Do your best to forbid idle and morbid chatter about this whole wretched business.

MISS LUMLEY

Yes, Mrs Appleyard, I will.

MISS LUMLEY GOES OUT, CLOSING THE DOOR ON MRS APPLEYARD WHO IS NOW REACHING FOR THE BRANDY DECANTER.

67A. INT. "LAKE VIEW" HOUSE - IRMA'S SICKROOM. 67A
MORNING

IRMA -- WHITE-FACED, UNCONSCIOUS, LYING IN THE IMMENSE DOUBLE BED WITH ITS PATCHWORK QUILT, SEEMINGLY AFLOAT IN A SEA CAVE. THE VENETIAN BLINDS ARE DRAWN AGAINST THE GREEN GARDEN LIGHT THAT RIPPLES ON THE WHITEWASHED WALLS ROOM.

SUDDENLY WE REALISE THAT MICHAEL IS STANDING THERE, HIS FACE STILL BEARING SOME EVIDENCE OF HIS ORDEAL ON THE ROCK. HE IS LOOKING AT IRMA, HIS EYES EXPRESSIONLESS.

FX

THE SOUND OF A HORSE-DRAWN VEHICLE OUTSIDE - WHEELS ON GRAVEL.

MICHAEL GOES TO THE WINDOW, PARTS THE SLATS OF THE VENETIAN BLIND, PEERS OUT.

67B. EXT. "LAKE VIEW" - DRIVE 67B

HIS P.O.V. THE POLICE BUGGY, STOPPING IN FRONT OF THE HOUSE.

67A RESUMES

MICHAEL MOVES AWAY FROM THE WINDOW, TAKES ONE LAST LOOK AT IRMA, GOES OUT, CLOSING THE DOOR BEHIND. WE HEAR THE UNMISTAKEABLE SOUND OF THE DOOR BEING LOCKED FROM THE OUTSIDE.

67C. INT/EXT. "LAKE VIEW" HOUSE FRONT DOOR 67C
MORNING

THE MAID HAS OPENED THE DOOR. BUMPHER AND DR McKENZIE, THEIR SILHOUETTES AGAINST THE LIGHT FROM OUTSIDE, MOVE THROUGH AND PAST, INTO THE HOUSE. THE DOOR CLOSES.

68. INT. "LAKE VIEW" HOUSE -- IRM's SICKROOM 68
MORNING

BUMPHER AND DR McKENZIE STANDING CLOSE TOGETHER.

IN THE BACKGROUND IS IRMA -- STILL UNCONSCIOUS.

DOCTOR

(PROFESSIONAL MURMUR)
Quite good, really, remarkably so. Nothing more serious than shock and exposure. No broken bones, just a few cuts and bruises on the face and hands. On the hands especially.

DR McKENZIE CLINICALLY PICKS UP THE SMALL LIMP HAND THAT HAS BEEN LYING OUTSIDE THE COVERLET.

DOCTOR

Quite scratched. Finger nails all torn and broken.

BUMPHER DIGESTS THE VERBAL AND VISUAL EVIDENCE. BUT HE SAYS NOTHING. DR McKENZIE LETS THE HAND DROP.

DOCTOR

Several other unusual factors. Her head is quite badly bruised. Probably concussion. A blow, perhaps. Or a fall. But if she fell, why isn't she injured elsewhere? Her body is quite unblemished.

NOTHING FROM BUMPHER

DOCTOR

And her feet are unmarked, also. And that's very strange, because she wasn't wearing shoes or stockings when she was found.

BUMPHER

We found no trace of 'em up there

DOCTOR

No ..... (Almost as an afterthought)

She is quite intact.

BUMPHER NODS

Contd to Page 104

PAGE 104 SCENE 68a

As per script but replace MRS CUTLER with MRS FITZHUBERT

Replace LODGE with HOUSE

Delete ....."OF THE LODGE" in the first paragraph.

AS PER SCRIPT.

PAGE 121

After .. NOTHING FROM MICHAEL. HE IS STARING OVER IRM'S HEAD AT THE HAUNTED LAKE. HIS EYES ARE EMPTY. THE REEDS STIR MOURNFULLY.

Add...

MICHAEL

I'm going away. North to Queensland.

68. Contd 68.

THE DOOR TO IRMA'S ROOM OPENS AND A MAI TIP-TOES IN. SHE MOVES TO A SMALL TABLE NEAR THE DED AND PICKS UP A BUNDLE OF SOILED CLOTHING: POOR IRMA'S PICNIC DRESS AND UNDERCLOTHES.

THE DOCTOR AND BUMP LEAVE THR ROOM WATCHED BY THE MAID. SHE SEEMS A LITTLE NERVOUS. AS THE DOOR CLOSES SHE UNRAVELS THE PILE OF CLOTHING, MOMENTARILY HOLDING UP THE CRUSHED DRESS. SHE THEN LOOKS AS IT SHE IS ABOUT TO FOLLOW THE DOCTOR AND BUMPHER; ALMOST AS THOUGH SHE WANTS TO TELL THEM SOMETHING.

68a INT. HALLWAY. "LAKE VIEW" LODGE. MORNING 68a

MRS CUTLER, IN WHOSE CARE IRMA HAS BEEN PLACED, IS SHOWING BUMPHER AND THE DOCTOR TO THE DOOR OF THE LODGE.

THE MAID FROM THE PRECEDING SCENE HURRIES INTO THE HALL HOLDING IRMA'S CLOTHES. BUMPHER HESITATES FOR A MOMENT, WONDERING IF THE GIRL IS GOING TO SAY SOMETHING. SHE DOESN'T. MRS CUTLER TURNS AND STARES AT HER. THE MAID LOWERS HER EYES. WITH A NOD BUMPHER LEAVES. MRS CUTLER TURNS TO THE MAID..

MRS CUTLER

What is it, my dear?

MAID

Well, Ma'am, it's Miss Irma

MRS CUTLER

Yes?

MAID

Well, it's about her clothing ...

MRS CUTLER

What is it, girl?

MAID

Well, I didn't know like if I should tell the Sergeant --- There wasn't any corset... Miss Irma's corset, like ... It's missing.

68 Contd 68.

MRS CUTLER

(EMBARR SSED)
You did right, my dear. It can't possibly be of any interest. Take those things straight to the copper and burn them. We wouldn't want poor dear Irma to be reminded of this dreadful experience, would we?

AS THE MAID MOVES THROUGH TOWARDS THE BACK OF THE HOUSE MRS CUTLER CROSSES TO THE WINDOW AND STARES AFTER THE SERGEANT'S BUGGY, DISAPPEARING THROUGH THE FRONT GATE.

69. INT. COLLEGE -- HOT-HOUSE. LATE AFTERNOON 69.

TOM, SITTING ON AN UPTURNED TUB IN THE GREEN-BROWN GLOOM OF THE HOT-HOUSE HAVING A QUIET SMOKE -- WELL OUT OF SIGHT OF EVERYONE.

TOM

Any number of unsolved murders there are. Take Jack the Ripper, for instance

MR WHITEHEAD, PLANTING OUT SEEDLINGS -- FROM A SMALL SEED BOX INTO A LARGER ONE.

WHITEHEAD

(LUGUBRIOUSLY)
You'd never catch me on Hangin' Rock

HE CAREFULLY LIFTS A SEEDLING OUT OF A SMALLER BOX, POKES A HOLE IN THE SOIL IN THE LARGER BOX, PLACES THE SEEDLING IN POSITION, PUSHES THE GREY SANDY SOIL IN AROUND IT WITH HIS FINGERS.

WHITEHEAD

Been there once. That was enough

TOM IS WATCHING WHITEHEAD THROUGH HIS SMOKE, NOTING HOW SLOWLY-METHODICALLY THE OLDER MAN IS GOING ABOUT HIS TASK.

TOM

The police are up there again, naturally. Thick as flies.

69 Contd

TOM

Someone reported seein' a light flashin' around a pig sty on a place about a mile from the Rock.

WHITEHEAD STANDS, WIPING HIS SOIL-STAINED FINGERS ON HIS TROUSERS.

WHITEHEAD

There's some questions that've got answers and some that haven't ....

TOM DOESN'T FOLLOW THIS LINE OF MR WHITEHEAD'S AT ALL WHITEHEAD PICKS UP A WATERING CAN.

CONTD WITH PAGE 107

69 Contd 69

TOM

No. There'll be solution turn up d'reckly, more'n likely.

HE GLANCES BACK AT WHITEHEAD. WHITEHEAD IS WATERING THE TRANSPLANTED SEEDLINGS.

TOM

...Like kidnapping or ... you know... something like that ... They could've fallen down a hole! Oh, there'll be a solution somewhere, all right There's gotta be.

MR WHITEHEAD PUTS DOWN THE WATERING CAN. HE SMILES AT TOM; A SLIGHTLY MOCKING SMILE

WHITEHEAD

Come over 'ere. Come on. Over 'ere.

TOM, A LITTLE MYSTIFIED, FOLLOWS MR WHITEHEAD TO A CORNER OF THE HOT-HOUSE. WHITEHEAD LOOKS ABOUT AS IF TO MAKE SURE HE WON't BE OVERHEAD HE THEN SPEAKS SOFTLY BUT DRAMATICALLY TO A WIDE-EYED TOM.

WHITEHEAD

Did you know lad ... Did you know that there are plants that ... that can move?

TOM

No!

MR WHITEHEAD, WITH BEAUTIFUL TIMING, REACHES FOR A LEAF ON A PLANT CLOSE BY. HE DELICATELY TOUCHES THE LEAF WITH HIS EARTH-STAINED FINGER. AS IF TOUCHED BY THE WITHERING RAYS OF THE SUN, THE LEAF SUDDENLY CLOSES.

THE DEMONSTRATION HAS A CHILLING EFFECT ON TOM, EVEN IF HE DOESN'T QUITE KNOW WHY.

WHITEHEAD HAS MADE HIS POINT ABOUT NATURE AND HE MOVES AWAY, A TRACE OF A SMILE ON HIS LIPS.

TOM IS LEFT STARING AT THE STILL CRIMPED LEAF.

69a EXT. HANGING ROCK UPPER SLOPES. DAY 69a

A LOW ANGLE VIEW OF THE STRANGE TWISTED STONE PEAKS OF HANGING ROCK. THE AIR IS STILL, THE SUN HIGH OVERHEAD CASTS SHADOWS IN HOLLOWS ON THE ROCK. SOME OF THE MASSIVE BOULDERS SEEM ALMOST TO HAVE TWISTED HUMAN FEATURES: HERE A GNARLED OLD WOMAN: THERE THE VISAGE OF A HOODED MONK.

FROM THE ROCKS' P.O.V. WE LOOK DOWN, DOWN ONTO SERGEANT BUMPHER. HE STARES UP AT THE ROCK-PILE, HIS EYES SQUINTING IN THE HARSH GLARE OF TEH SUN.

BUMPHER

Jim! Jim!

CONSTABLE JONES EMERGES FROM A CLUMP OF TREES. BUMPHER TAKES OFF HIS JACKET AND ROLLS UP HIS SLEEVES, ALL THE WHILE KEEPING HIS EYES ON THE ROCK. JONES JOINS HIM, WONDERING A LITTLE AT THE STRANGE MANNER OF HIS SUPERIOR.

BUMPHER

I'm not giving up, Jim.
(A PAUSE) If they're not on it ...
then maybe they're in it.

69b EXT. COLLEGE. DAY 69b

MR HUSSEY'S BUGGY STANDING OUTSIDE THE FRONT ENTRANCE TO THE COLLEGE. HUSSEY WAITING IN HIS DRIVING POSITION.
ONE OF THE GIRLS, ACCOMPANIED BY HER FATHER - CARRYING - LUGGAGE - EMERGE. HUSSEY CLIMBS DOWN TO HELP WITH THE LUGGAGE. THE GIRL AND HER FATHER ARE CLIMBING ABOARD.

A DESOLATE GROUP OF FOUR GIRLS - LEFT BEHIND - ARE WATCHING THE BUGGY DRIVE OFF.

70. INT. COLLEGE -- HEADMISTRESS'S STUDY. 70
EARLY AFTERNOON

SARA IS STANDING IN THE OPEN DOORWAY.

SARA
(SCARED) Miss Lumley said you wanted to see me, Mrs. Appleyard

MRS APPLEYARD LOOKS AT SARA FOR A LONG HARD MOMENT. THE ANGER AND FRUSTRATION THAT MRS APPLEYARD FEELS AS SHE SEES HER COLLEGE SINKING BEFORE HER EYES SEEMS SOMEHOW REPRESENTED IN THE FRAIL MELANCHOLY FIGURE OF SARA. SHE STRUGGLES TO CONTROL THE IRRITATION AND BITTERNESS INSIDE HER.

MRS APPLEYARD

That is correct. Come in

SARA COMES IN -- JUST.

MRS APPLEYARD

(WITH TERRIBLE MOCK PATIENCE)
Close the door.

SARA CLOESE THE DOOR.

70 Contd 70

NOTHING FROM SARA

MRS APPLEYARD

I have written your guardian, Mr. Cosgrove several letters but I have not been favoured with a reply thus far.

NOTHING FROM SARA.

CONTD AS PER SCRIPT WITH PAGE 110 Sc 70

70. Contd 70.

MRS APPLEYARD

As from today I am cancelling all your extras. You shall no longer partake of dancing; or drawing lessons.

SARA'S EYES FLICK; DRAWING IS HER LIFE. BUT SHE SAYS NOTHING.

MRS APPLEYARD

And unless all you outstanding fees are paid by Easter, we shall have to make other arrangements.

NOTHING FROM SARA

MRS APPLEYARD

You know what that means, don't you Sara?

SARA SHAKES HER HEAD

MRS APPLEYARD

You will have to go away.

NOTHING FROM SARA

MRS APPLEYARD

(AS THOUGH OFFERING HER AN ATTRACTIVE ALTERNATIVE)
There are places for children in your predicament, Sara.
Institutions.

SARA IS HOLDING IT IN -- JUST.

71. INT. COLLEGE -- CORRIDOR & STAIRS BELOW TOWER. EVENING 71

FX

THE SOUND OF A BELL CLANGING -- DISTANT.

TRACKING SHOT. MISS LUMLEY, SNOOPING ALONG A GLOOMY BACK CORRIDOR. SHE STOPS, LOOKING DOWN.

71. Contd 71.

MISS LUMLEY

What's wrong with you, Sara?

WIDEN TO SEE SARA, PITFULLY LIT BY A HANGING LAMP OVERHEAD, SITTING ON THE STONE FLOOR AT THE FOOT OF THE CIRCULAR STAIRCASE LEADING TO THE TOWER.

MISS LUMLEY

Are you feeling ill?

SARA COULD HAVE BEEN CRYING, WE CAN'T BE SURE. SHE DOESN'T ANSWER.

MISS LUMLEY

People don't sit on cold stone in the dark unless they're weak in the head.

SARA DOESN'T ANSWER.

MISS LUMLEY

You heard the bell. Go and wash for tea.

NOTHING FROM SARA

MISS LUMLEY

Aren't you hungry?

SARA SHAKES HER HEAD.

MISS LUMLEY

Then you had best go straight to bed.

SARA STANDS, STARING STRAIGHT AHEAD, HER GAZE GOING RIGHT THROUGH MISS LUNLEY.

72. EXT. COLLEGE. NIGHT 72

L.S. APPLEYARD COLLEGE. THE CLUMSY TWO-STOREY MANSION ETCHED BLACK AGAINST THE DARK INDIGO SKY. ONLY ONE LIGHT IS BURNI . A SQUARE OF YELLOW IN AN UPPER STORY WINDOW. POSSUMS ARE SCUTTLING AROUND THE ROOF

FX

WE HEAR THE RATTLING SNORING NOISE POSSUMS MAKE.

73. INT. COLLEGE -- DIANNE'S BEDROOM. NIGHT 73

DIANNE IS IN BED, READING A FRENCH NOVEL BY LAMPLIGHT. SHE LOOKS UP, STARING AT THE BLACK RECTANGLE THAT IS THE WINDOW.

FX

POSSUMS.

74. INT. MINNIE'S BEDROOM. NIGHT 74

MINNIE AND TOM TOGETHER IN MINNIE'S LITTLE BED. NAKED UNDER THE COVERS. NO LIGHTS, SAVE THE FAINT GLIMMER FROM THE ATTIC WINDOW. MINNIE AND TOM ARE HOLDING EACH OTHER.

TOM

(A CROONING WHISPER)
I love you, Minnie, I love you, darlin'....

TOM IS LOOKING INTO MINNIE'S EYES, BUT MINNIE IS STARING AT THE WINDOW.

MINNIE

I feel sorry for them kids.

MINNIE HAS BROKEN THE SPELL

TOM

So do I. The ones on the Rock, yer mean?

74. Contd 74.

MINNIE

Yes, them too. O'course. But I wasn't thinkin' of them. For once.

TOM IS WATCHING HER, HIS EYES FULL OF LOVE

MINNIE

I was thinkin' of all the other poor little devils. Here at the College.

TOM

Them. They're all right. Rollin' in cash, most of 'em. Or at least their mums an' dads are.

MINNIE

Those that've got mums an' dads. Some of 'em are orphans -- or wards -- or somethin'.

TOM ISN'T HAPPY. MINNIE'S LOVE IS BEING DIVERTED ELSEWHERE -- FOR THE MOMENT. BUT TOM IS PATIENT

MINNIE

And the ones with parents? Well they could be anywhere. Anywhere in the world. The kids don't seem to know themselves, half the time.

TOM IS WAITING.

MINNIE

It's as though no-one cares for 'em. Any of 'em.

TOM PULLS MINNIE CLOSER

TOM

(GENTLY)
Minnie ....

MINNIE IS LOOKING AT TOM, NOW.

MINNIE

(QUIETLY)
Yes, Tom.

75. INT. COLLEGE -- BLANCHE & ROSAMUND'S BEDROOM 75

NIGHT

THE CAMERA BEGINS A SLOW EXPLORATION OF THE BEDROOM BLANCE AND ROSAMUND SHARE. A BED -- EMPTY -- THE COVERS PULLED BACK. A SECOND BED: ROSAMUND AND BLANCHE IN TOGETHER, HOLDING EACH OTHER -- ASLEEP. NOTHING SENSUAL. JUST THE CHILDREN, LONELY AND FRIGHTENED.

76. INT. COLLEGE -- MRS APPLEYARD'S BEDROOM. NIGHT 76

A LARGE, HIGH-CEILINGED ROOM, AN ELABORATE CANOPIED BED IN THE CENTRE. MRS APPLEYARD ON THE BED, COVERS UP TO HER CHIN, HER HEAD A HEDGEHOG OF HEAVY STEEL CURLING PINS. HER EYES ARE OPEN, STARING AT THE WINDOWS. SHE TOSSES OVER, IRRITABLY, AND IS NOW STARING AT THE WALL.

77. INT. COLLEGE -- MIRANDA & SARA'S BEDROOM.NIGHT 77

SARA, WIDE AWAKE, STARING INTO THE DREADFUL DARK

FX

POSSUMS

THE ROOM IS A SHADOWED CAVERN OF MEMORIES OF MIRANDA: HER CEDAR CUPBOARD, HER HATS IN THEIR HATBOXES, HER TENNIS RACKET, HER ST VALENTINE'S CARDS; A PHOTOGRAPH IN ITS OVAL FRAME: HOLD THE GRATLY SMILING IMAGE.

78. INT. "LAKE VIEW" - MICHAEL'S BEDROOM. NIGHT 78.

THE WHITE SWAN SEEMS TO BE SITTING ON THE BRASS RAIL AT THE END OF MICHAEL'S BED. MICHAEL IS LYING THERE, WATCHING IT A FEVERISH GLINT IN HIS EYE. MICHAEL AND SWAN LOOK AT EACH OTHER FOR A LONG MOMENT, THE SWAN SLOWLY LIFTS ITS WINGS, FLAPS SILENTLY AND FLOATS AWAY THROUGH THE OPEN WINDOW.

78a INT. HANGING ROCK. MORNING 78a

THE EXTRAORDINARY DISCOVERY OF IRMA ON HANGING ROCK, UNHARMED AFTER BEING LOST FOR OVER A WEEK, HAS REVITALISED INTEREST IN THE DISAPPEARANCES. THE ROCK IS A HIVE OF ACTIVITY. BUMPHER IS SEEN STANDING WITH THREE SENIOR PLAIN CLOTHES POLICEMEN, PROBABLY FROM MELBOURNE. JOURNALISTS, SEARCHERS AND SIGHTSEERS MINGLE (SOME OF THE LATTER EATING PICNIC LUNCH: AN INCONGROUS, MACABRE TOUCH).

78b. EXT. HANGING ROCK - UPPER SLOPES. DAY 78b

THERE IS OBVIOUSLY A DESPERATE BELIEF THAT THE GIRLS COULD HAVE SOMEHOW GOT DOWN INSIDE THE ROCK, AS ONE SEARCHER CALLS THROUGH A MEGAPHONE DEVICE, DOWN INTO A CHINK IN THE ROCK. THE GROUND IS STRANGELY HOLLOW -- THE MEGAPHONED VOICE ECHOES WEIRDLY; FAINT ECHOING REVERBERATIONS CAN BE HEARD WHENEVER SOMEONE BANGS OR STAMPS THEIR FEET.

78c FARMHOUSE NEAR HANGING ROCK. DAY 78c

WHILE AN OLD FARMER'S WIFE WATCHED, A POLICEMAN EMERGES FROM A FOWL-HOUSE: COVERED IN CHOOK FEATHERS. ANOTHER SEARCHES A RICKETTY WOODEN BUILDING. WATCHED BY A COW.

THEY FIND NOTHING.

78d EXT. ROAD NEAR COLLEGE. MORNING 78d

A CROCODILE OF JUNIOR GIRLS MOVING ALONG THE ROAD NEAR THE COLLEGE, WEARING STRAW BOATERS AND PINAFORES. HOLDING HANDS A CHAIN GANG OF CONVICTS TRUDGING THORUGH THE DUST AND THE HEAT. OVERSEER LUMLEY IN CHARGE.

A MIDDLE-AGED COUPLE IN A GIG COME BOOWLING ALONG THE ROAD. THE MAN DARES TO CATCH A GLANCE OF THE LITTLE PARIAHS AS THEY PASS; THE WOMAN DOESN'T DEIGN TO DO SO. THE WOMAN SCOFFS; THE MAN'S FACE IS FLAT AND IMMOBILE.

THE CROCODILE CONTINUES; OBLIVIOUS.

79. INT. "LAKE VIEW" LODGE - IRMA'S SICKROOM 79
AFTERNOON

M.S. DIANNE

DIANNE

Hello, Irma

WIDEN TO SEE IRMA IN BED

IRMA

Oh, Mam'selle. How lovely.

DIANNE CLOSES THE DOOR

79. Contd 79

DIANNE CLOSES THE DOOR

DIANNE

Mrs Cutler showed me in.
How are you?

IRMA HOISTS HERSELF UP ON HER ELBOW. DIANNE IS ADJUSTING THE PILLOWS BEHIND HER.

IRMA

(JUST UNDER CONTROL)
I feel wonderful, now. I don't know why everyone is still fussing...

DIANNE IS LOOKING AT HER, EYES FULL OF LOVE.

DIANNE

Oh, Irma...

THEY HOLD EACH OTHER.

DIANNE

...Irma. We thought you were gone forever.

BOTH GIRLS ARE WEEPING NOW, ABANDONING THEMSELVES TO THE SILENT LUXURY OF SORROW SHARED. THE SHADOW OF THE ROCK LIES WITH AN ALMOST PHYSICAL WEIGHT UPON THEIR HEARTS. THE THING IS BEYOND WORDS; ALMOST BEYOND EMOTION.

DIANNE IS THE FIRST TO RETURN TO THE TRANQUIL REALITY OF THE SUMMER AFTERNOON. SHE DRAWS UP THE BLINDS, LETTING IN THE PEACE OF THE GARDEN BEYOND.

DIANNE

Let me look at you, cherie.

IRMA SMILES THROUGH HER TEARS.

DIANNE

So pale. But prettier than ever. And has the handsome nephew paid you a visit yet? The one who rescued you.

79 Contd 79

IRMA

Yes....
And Sergeant Bumpher,
the policeman ...

DIANNE

And could you....
(tell him anything)?

IRMA'S EYES ARE FILLING WITH TEARS ONCE MORE

IRMA

Nothing. Nothing at all.
From the moment we crossed
the creek....

SHE BURSTS INTO DEEP,HEARTFELT TEARS OF ANGUISH AND SORROW

IRMA

.....Nothing ....!

80. EXT. "LAKE VIEW" GARDEN. MORNING 80

MICHAEL SITTING ON THE LAWN IN A DECK CHAIR READING A BOOK -- OR TRYING TO.

SOUND OVER

THE TINKLE OF FALLING WATER.

HE LOOKS UP, OUT ACROSS THE LAKE. THE HE TURNS HIS HEAD A LITTLE

8 A. EXT. "LAKE VIEW" GARDEN 81

MICHAEL'S P.O.V. A GIANT CLAMSHELL BIRD BATH IN THE SHADE BENEATH A GREAT OLD OAK TREE. SUDDENLY THE WHITE SWAN THAT HAS BEEN DRINKING FROM THE HUGE SHELL TAKE FRIGHTS AND FLIES OFF

80B. EXT. "LAKE VIEW" GARDEN 80B

MICHAEL SITS THERE WATCHING. ACROSS THE LAWN SOME DISTANCE WAWAY IRMA APPROACHES WITH DIANNE. ALBERT CRUNDALL CROSSES THE LAWNS TRUNDLING A WHEELBARROW.

IRMA CALLS TO HIM.

MICHAEL WATCHES, A FAINT SMILE TOUCHES HIS LIPS.

IRMA

Albert ....

ALBERTS EYES FLICK BUT HE PRETENDS NOT TO HAVE HEARD.

IRMA

Albert?

HE PAUSES. SHE APPROACHES CLOSER. HE FOCUSES ON SOME INVISIBLE OBJECT FOF INTEREST ABOVE HER HEAD.

ALBERT

Miss?

IRMA

You know who I am don't you Albert?

ALBERT

Yes Miss

IRMA

Well ....

ALBERT

Well what Miss?

IRMA

I would like to thank you

ALBERT

Pardon Miss?

IRMA

To thank you. For rescuing me.
On ... the Rock.

IRMA IS VERY AWARE OF MICHAEL SITTING JUST OUT OF EARSHOT. SHE HAS BEEN TRYING NOT TO LOOK IN HIS DIRECTION. ALBERT HAS SENSED THIS. HE GLANCES IN MICHAELS DIRECTION. IN THAT INSTANT HE KNOWS THAT IRMA COULD NEVER BE HIS.

ALBERT

That was nothin' Miss.
Besides, it wasn't me. It was
Mr. Michael He found yer.

SHE CAN NOW LEGITIMATELY SNEAK A LOOK IN MICHAELS DIRECTION.

IRMA

But you rescued me

AN AWKWARD PAUSE

IRMA

Arn't we going to shake hands?

ALBERT WIPES HIS HUGE PAW ON HIS TROUSERS AND TAKES HER HAND

ALBERT

(PICKING UP HIS BARROW.)
Tell you the truth, I never give it another thought. Once the Doc and the Sergeant had you on the stretcher ....
Well ....

THEY ARE JOINED BY DIANNE

ALBERT

I'd better be getting on with me job. Ta-ta.

HE MOVES OFF. IRMA AND DIANNE APPROACH MICHAEL. HE RISES SHAKILY TO GREET THEM.

WE WATCH THE INTRODUCTION IN WIDE SHOT THEN CUT IN FOR A CLOSE-UP OF BOTH MICHAEL AND IRMA

IT IS OBVIOUS THAT IRMA IS IN LOVE WITH MICHAEL. DIANNE CAN HARDLY RESTRAIN A DISPLAY OF THE PLEASURE SHE OBVIOUSLY FEELS AT THIS BEAUTIFUL MATCH - THIS 'PAIRING OF BIRDS'.

SEVERAL SHOTS FOLLOW OF THE TRIO WALKING IN THE GARDEN, IRMA AND MICHAEL OBVIOUSLY GETTING ON WELL TOGETHER. DIANNE AS CHAPERON NOTICABLY HANGS BACK FINDING VARIOUS PLANTS IN THE GARDEN OF PARTICULAR INTEREST.

81. INT. ALBERT'S ROOM ABOVE THE STABLES. NIGHT 81.

FX

A HORSE, STAMPING AND SNUFFLING, CLOSE BY

A TRAPDOOR IN THE FLOOR OPENS AND MICHAEL EMERGES FROM THE STABLES BELOW CARRYING TWO BOTTLES OF BEER WRAPPED IN A WET CHAFF BAG. IT IS RAINING OUTSIDE.

ALBERT

(V.O) How are they?

ALBERT IS LYING ON HIS BED, ALMOST NAKED.

MICHAEL

Beautifully cool.

MICHAEL IS FETCHING TWO MUGS FROM A SHELF

ALBERT

Best place I know for keepin/
beer cold -- that creek

MICHAEL SNAPS THE TOP OFF ONE OF THE BOTTLES

MICHAEL

It's hot up here

MICHAEL IS POURING BEER INTO THE MUGS

ALBERT

Always is. Right under the bloody
roof like this

MICHAEL HANDS ALBERT A BRIMMING MUG.

ALBERT

ALBERT QUAFFS ABOUT HALF A MUGFUL OF THE COLD BEER - WHICH HE OBVIOUSLY APPRECIATES.

MICHAEL

It's a wonder you can get to sleep

A SILENCE

ALBERT

You've been seein' a lot of that
Miss Leopold. Hey?

ALBERT'S ATTEMPT AT A JOKE. IT FAILS.

MICHAEL

Yes.

CONTD WITH SC. 81.

81 Contd 81

MICHAEL

(QUIETLY INTENSE)
Who? Who was it?

SO INTENSE THAT ALBERT LOOKS AT HIM -- HARD.

ALBERT

Me kid sister. Haven't seen her for yeare. She always liked pansies. Then suddenly she was gone. Pfft. Just like that.

A SILENCE BETWEEN THEM. ALBERT STARES AT MICHAEL, PERHAPS WONDERING AT THE CHANGE IN HIS FRIEND. A CHANGE THAT CAN BE TRACED BACK TO THE STRANGE RESCUE OF IRMA LEOPOLD -- OR PERHAPS BACK FURTHER, TO THE DAY OF THE PICNIC. A CERTAIN MELANCHOLY, A MOROSENESS, A RESTLESSNESS

ALBERT

You've been seein' a lot of that Miss Leopold. Hey?

ALBERT'S ATTEMPT AT A JOKE. IT FAILS.

MICHAEL

Yee.

82. EXT. "LAKE VIEW" LAKE. LATE AFTERNOON 82

A FEW YELLOW, BROWN AND RED LEAVES ARE FLOATING BETWEEN THE REEDS. THE LITTLE LAKE, LOOKING A TOUCH CHILLIN UNDER THE LENGTEENING SHADOW. THE SMALL PUNT COMES INTO SHOT, MICHAEL EXPERTLY POLING IT AMONG THE CLOSING WATERLILIES, IRMA RELAXING IN THE BOWS.

IRMA

I can't bear to think that summer will soon be over.

MICHAEL SITS DOWN OPPOSITE HER.

MICAHEL

Just as well. This old punt isn't safe to take out again.

IRMA RESTS HER HAND LIGHTLY ON MICHAEL'S

82. Contd 82.

IRMA

(HER THOUGHTS ADRIFT)
It's sad. Almost like someone dying.

MICHAEL LOOKS AT HER. THE CHILL IN HIS GLANCE BRINGS HER BACK.

IRMA

The summer ... I mean the end of summer .. is like ....

MICHAEL IS LOOKING OUT ACROSS THE LAKE AGAIN.

IRMA

(QUIETLY; ALMOST BLUNDERING ON MOCK-INNOCENTLY)
Miranda used to say everything begins and ends at exactly the right time and place ...

IT IS AN THOUGH IRMA HAS PUSHED MICHAEL TOO FAR -- ALMOST INTENTIONALLY. HE HAS REMOVED HIS HAND, STOOD ONCE MORE, IS NOW PUNTING SLOWLY-SMOOTHLY-MECHANICALLY. HIS FIGURE, ALMOST BLACK AGAINST THE LIGHTENING SKY, IS HIGH ABOVE HER, ALMOST STANDING OVER HER, ALMOST THREATENING HER, ALMOST ...

MICHAEL

(STILL LOOKING AWAY)
What happened on the Rock, Irma?

NOW MICHAEL LOOKS AT HER. HIS FACE IS ANGUISHED, ALMOST CRUEL. ALL TRACES OF INNOCENCE HAVE GONE.

THE COLOUR HAS DRAINED FROM IRMA'S FACE. SHE IS DEEPLY SHOCKED. SHE LOOKS AWAY.

IRMA

(FINALLY. ALMOST A WHISPER)
The Rock ... it brought us together, Michael. And... and it will keep us apart ...

NOTHING FROM MICHAEL. HE IS STARING OVER IRMA'S HEAD AT THE HAUNTED LAKE. HIS EYES ARE EMPTY. THE REEDS STIRE MOURNFULLY.

83. INT. WOODEND POLICE STATION NIGHT 83.

AN EXHAUSTED LOOKING SERGEANT BUMPHER SITS ACROSS THE DESK FROM DR. McKENZIE, A BOTTLE OF WHISKY BETWEEN THEM. THEY HAVE BEEN DRINKING AND TALKING FOR SOME TIME. TWO PROFESSIONALS. THE MYSTERY OF HANGING ROCK HAS THEM BEATEN. A CLOCK TICKS IN THE BACKGROUND.

DOCTOR

Like a clock, Sergeant. The human mind is like a clock.

BUMPHER

I've spent time enough questioning her, that I know.

DOCTOR

And she tells you nothing.

BUMPHER SHRUGS

BUMPHER

More or less.

DOCTOR

And you know why?

BUMPHER

It's not the whys that bother me, doctor. It's the wheres -- and the whos.....

THE DOCTOR POINTS AT HIS SKULL.

83. Contd 83.

DOCTOR

A clock. Irma's mind is a clock that has stopped -- due to a certain set of unusual conditions -- and refuses to go beyond a particular point.

THE DOCTOR SWALLOWS THE LAST OF HIS DRINK.

BUMPHER

We had one like that when I was a kid. It could never get past three o'clock in the afternoon.

DOCTOR

I can believe that.

THE DOCTOR HAS STOOD AND IS ABOUT TO GO OUT.

BUMPHER

Three in the morning was all right.

THE DOCTOR HAS REACHED THE DOOR.

DOCTOR

This case might have you puz Sergeant. It has me absolutely bushed.

BUMPHER SIPS HIS DRINK.

DOCTOR

Lying out there... that girl should have been dead long ago. By all the ordinary text book standards...

83. Contd 83.

BUMPHER IS STANDING, PRIOR TO SEEING THE DOCTOR OUT.

BUMPHER

Yes, well you play it by the book; but that only takes you so far. Do you know where they're searching for those girls at this very moment?

NOTHING FROM THE DOCTOR.

BUMPHER

In the Sydney brothels.

NOTHING FROM THE DOCTOR.

BUMPHER

Goodnight, doctor.

DOCTOR

Goodnight.

THE DOCTOR GOES OUT. BUMPHER SWALLOWS THE LAST OF HIS DRINK.

83A. EXT. HANGING ROCK LOWER SLOPES LATE AFTERNOON 83A.

THE SEARCH FOR THE MISSING GIRLS AND THEIR GOVERNESS HAS BEEN ABANDONED. A DESOLATE FEELING. SIGNS OF THE RECENT ACTIVITY: THE REMAINS OF SOME BALES OF HAY, A BROKEN CARTWHEEL, LUNCH PAPERS, A POSTER NAILED TO A SIGNBOARD: "MISSING PRESUMED DEAD" ABOVE A DETAILED DESCRIPTION AND THREE EXTREMELY BAD PHOTOGRAPHS OF MIRANDA, MARION AND MISS McCRAW. BELOW THIS BUMPHER HAS ATTACHED ANOTHER SIGN:

"WARNING!

No progress beyond this point due to police investigations.
(Sgd.) L. BUMPHER
Sergeant of Police"

84. EXT. COLLEGE GARDEN MORNING 84.

THE MORNING AFTER A STORM, A SPARKLING, CRISP, GREEN AND GOLD PEACE. MR WHITEHEAD IS CLEANING UP AFTER THE HEAVY RAIN, CLEARING GRAVEL AND DEAD LEAVES OUT OF A BRICK LINED CULVERT WITH HIS BARE HANDS.

84A. INT. COLLEGE HALLWAY/DRAWING ROOM 84A.

SITTING IN THE DRAWING ROOM A STUDENT PRACTICES ON THE PIANO -- BACH'S PRELUDE NO.1 (FROM 48 PRELUDES AND FUGUES). THE MUSIC CAPTURES THE MELANCHOLY SPIRIT OF APPLEYARD COLLEGE.

84B. EXT. COLLEGE GARDEN MORNING 84B

MR WHITEHEAD LOOKS UP, GLANCES TOWARDS THE MAIN BUILDING.

WHITEHEAD'S P.O.V.: SARA IS STANDING UP ON TIPTOE, REACHING OUT ACROSS A BED OF BEAUTIFUL FLOWERS, SELECTS ONE SOLITARY BLOOM AND PICKS IT.

WHITEHEAD GRUNTS, GOES BACK TO HIS GRAVEL AND DEAD LEAF SCRABBLING.

SARA LOOKS ABOUT GUILTILY, THEN MOVES QUICKLY INSIDE -- BY A SIDE DOOR.

FX: THE PIANO PLAYING CONTINUES, BRIDGING TO THE NEXT SCENE.

CONTD WITH SC. 85 AS PER SCRIPT.

84. EXT. COLLEGE GARDEN MORNING 84.

THE MORNING AFTER A STORM, A SPARKLING, CRISP, GREEN AND GOLD PEACE. MR WHITEHEAD IS CLEANING UP AFTER THE HEAVY RAIN, CLEARING GRAVEL AND DEAD LEAVES OUT OF A BRICK-LINED CULVERT WITH HIS BARE HANDS.

FX: THE SOUND OF A PIANO PLAYING SOMEWHERE IN THE COLLEGE -- OBVIOUSLY A CHILD, BUT WITH REASONABLE COMPETENOE.

MR WHITEHEAD LOOKS UP, GLANCES TOWARDS THE MAIN BUILDING.

WHITEHEAD'S P.O.V.: SARA IS STANDING UP ON TIPTOE, REACHING OUT ACROSS A BED OF BEAUTIFUL FLOWERS, SELECTS ONE SOLITARY BLOOM AND PICKS IT.

WHITEHEAD GRUNTS, GOES BACK TO HIS GRAVEL AND DEAD LEAF SCRABBLING.

SARA LOOKS ABOUT GUILTILY, THEN MOVES QUICKLY INSIDE -- BY A SIDE DOOR.

FX: THE PIANO PLAYING CONTINUES, BRIDGING TO THE NEXT SCENE.

85. INT. COLLEGE -- HALLWAY, STAIRCASE MORNING 85.

FX: THE PIANO PLAYING CONTINUES, BRIDGING FROM THE PREVIOUS SCENE.

SARA, HOLDING THE SINGLE FLOWER SHE PICKED IN THE GARDEN, MOVES SILENTLY ACROSS THE HALLWAY AND UP THE STAIRS.

85A. INT. COLLEGE - UPPER HALLWAY MORNING 85A

SARA CONTINUES ALONG THE UPPER HALLWAY, PAUSES AT THE DOOR TO HER BEDROOM, OPENS IT, GOES IN, CLOSES THE DOOR.

FX: THE PIANO PLAYING CONTINUES, BRIDGING TO THE NEXT SCENE.

86. INT. COLLEGE - MIRANDA & SARA'S BEDROOM MORNING 86.

FX: THE PIANO PLAYING BRIDGES FROM THE PREVIOUS SCENE.

SARA IS AT THE MARBLE WASHSTAND, POURING WATER FROM THE BIG CHINA JUG INTO A LONG GLASS VASE. SHE PLACES THE SINGLE FLOWER IN THE VASE AND CARRIES IT ACROSS TO HER DRESSING TABLE, SETTING IT DOWN IN FRONT OF THE OVAL-FRAMED PHOTOGRAPH OF MIRANDA.

SARA

There you are, Miranda, dear. You like these best.

FX: THE PIANO MUSIC CONCLUDES.

SARA STANDS THERE FOR A LONG MOMENT, STARING AT THE VASE AND THE PHOTOGRAPH, GRAVELY SERIOUS.

SUDDENLY, WITH A START, SARA TURNS TO FACE THE DOOR. DIANNE IS STANDING THERE. PERHAPS SHE HAS BEEN THERE FOR SOME TIME. SARA SMILES.

SARA

She likes daisies best of all.

DIANNE KNEELS BESIDE SARA AND TAKES HER IN HER ARMS.

DIANNE

You do know, Sara dear, that Miranda might not come back.

SARA LOOKS AT HER FOR A LONG MOMENT.

SARA

(FINALLY)
Miranda knows lots of things other people don't know. Secrets ...
She knew she wouldn't come back.

86. /contd. 86.

DIANNE STARES AT THIS STRANGE FRAIL CHILD FOR A MOMENT BEFORE AGAIN EMBRACING HER.

SOUND OFF: THE SCRAPE OF WHEELS ON GRAVEL AND THE CLIP CLOP OF HOOVES - CONTINUING ... SLOWING ...

MR HUSSEY

(V.O. DISTANT) Whoa, there!

SOUND OFF: ... STOPPING.

SARA GOES QUICKLY TO THE WINDOW, LOOKS OUT.

86A. EXT. COLLEGE - FRONT VERANDAH MORNING 86A.

SARA'S P.O.V.: ONE OF MR HUSSEY'S CABS PULLED UP OUT IN FRONT OF THE COLLEGE. MR HUSSEY IS HELPING IRMA ALIGHT. SHE PAYS HIM.

86B. INT. COLLEGE - MIRANDA & SARA'S ROOM MORNING 86B

SARA LOOKING OUT.

SARA

(A SHOUTED WHISPER) Irma! Irma!

SARA RUNS ACHOSS THE ROOM PAST DIANNE, HEADING FOR THE DOOR.

SOUND OVER: CAB HORSE CLIP-CLOP -- RECEDING.

....OPENS THE DOOR, HURRIES OUT, LEAVING THE DOOR OPEN.

128

87. INT. UPPER HALLWAY. MORNING 87

SARA RUSHING ALONG THE UPPER HALLWAY ....

SOUND OVER: THE DOORBELL.

87A. INT. COLLEGE STAIRCASE & ENTRANCE HALL 87A
MORNING.

.....DOWN THE STAIRS, ACROSS THE HALL: STOPS.

MINNIE S THE DOOR OPEN AND IS ADMITTING IRMA. SHE IS OVERCOME WITH A MIXTURE OF PLEASURE AND GRIEF.

THEN IRMA SEES SARA STANDING BACK IN THE GLOOM OF THE HALL. SUDDENLY UNSURE OF HER RECEPTION. IRMA MOVES FORWARD TO HER, SUDDENLY, IMPULSIVELY.

THEY EMBRACE, IRMA KISSES HER.

SARA IS OVERJOYED, CLUTCHES HER HAND, BEGINS PULLING HER ALONG.

SARA

You must come and see everyone, Irma.
We've all been waiting so long ...

DIANNE IS COMING DOWN THE STAIRS.

DIANNE IS DOWN IN THE HALLWAY NOW. SHE IS ONE SIDE OF IRMA, SARA THE OTHER. MINNIE WATCHES THEM FONDLY FOR A MOMENT.

DIANNE AND SARA ARE ESCORTING IRMA UP THE FIRST FEW STAIRS WHEN SUDDENLY MISS LUMLEY APPEARS FROM A SIDE CORRIDOR, HOOKS SARA BY ONE ARM, PULLS HER BACK DOWN AGAIN.

MISS LUMLEY

Sara! Where do you think youre going?

DIANNE LOOKS BACK MOMENTARILY, BUT SHE CANNOT INTERFERE. DIANNE AND IRMA MOVE ON UP THE STAIRS AND OUT OF SHOT.

MISS LUMLEY

You should be in class

SARA SAYS NOTHING, SHE DROPS HER HEAD AND SLOUCHES.

MISS LUMLEY

And how many times have you been told
not to slouch. Head up ....

SHE FORCES HER HEAD BACK, CRUELLY.

MISS LUMLEY

.... Back straight.

AND PUTS A BACKWARD CURVE INTO HER BODY.

MISS LUMLEY ENCLOSES THE CHILD'S FIST IN HER OWN AND BEGINS TOWING HER ALONG THE DIM CORRIDOR. ...

.... INTO THE DARKNESS AND OUT OF SHOT.

87B INT. COLLEGE - HALLWAY 87B:

MRS APPLEYARD HAS BEEN STANDING IN HER STUDY DOORWAY, WATCHING, HATRED IN HER EYES. A CHANGED MRS APPLEYARD ALTHOUGH NOT ONE WISP OF HER ELABORATE COIFFURE IS OUT OF PLACE, AND HER CLOTHING IS AS IMPECCABLE AS EVER, HER BACK IS NOT AS IRON-ROD ERECT AS BEFORE AND HER TALLOW YELLOW FACE IS NOW A SUET GREY MASK WITH SAGGING CHEEKS AND AGE-RINGED EYES. SHE MOVES BACK INTO THE STUDY AND SHUTS THE DOOR.

88. INT. COLLEGE - HEADMISTRESS'S STUDY MORNING 88

MRS APPLEYARDMOVES ACROSS THE ROOM TO HER DESK LIKE A SLEEPWALKER IN A MOBILE NIGHTMARE. SHE GLANCES ONCE MORE AT A LETTER LYING OPEN ON HER DESK, SITS, OPENS HER BIG LEDGER. SEVEN OF THE NAMES HAVE BEEN RULED OFF. SHE PICKS UP HER EBONY RULER, DIPS HER STEEL-NIBBED PEN IN THE RED INKWELL AND NEATLY RULES OFF YET ANOTHER PUPIL'S NAME. THE RED LINE GOES THROUGH THE COPPERPLATE SCRIPT LIKE A STRAIGHT BLEEDING INCISION. MRS APPLEYARD SITS THERE, STARING AT NOTHING: HER CAREFULLY STRUCTURED WORLD IS FALLING APART -- DECOMPOSING LIKE A ROTTING ORGANISM.

SOUND OVER: A PIANO, HAMMERING OUT "MEN OF HARLECH" ---- HIDEOUSLY. BRIDGING TO THE NEXT SCENE.

CONTD WITH PAGE 131 Sc. 89

Please note that from Pages 133-134 inclusive it is Sc. 89 and not Sc 88.

88. INT. COLLEGE - HEADMISTRESS'S STUDY MORNING 88.

MRS APPLEYARD MOVES ACROSS THE ROOM TO HER DESK LIKE A SLEEPWALKER IN A MOBILE NIGHTMARE. SHE GLANCES ONCE MORE AT A LETTER LYING OPEN ON HER DESK, SITS, OPENS HER BIG LEDGER. SEVEN OF THE NAMES HAVE BEEN RULED OFF. SHE PICKS UP HER EBONY RULER, DIPS HER STEEL-NIBBED PEN IN THE RED INKWELL AND NEATLY RULES OFF YET ANOTHER PUPIL'S NAME. THE RED LINE GOES THROUGH THE COPPERPLATE SCRIPT LIKE A STRAIGHT BLEEDING INCISION. MRS APPLEYARD SITS THERE, STARING AT NOTHING: HER CAREFULLY STRUCTURED WORLD IS FALLING APART -- DECOMPOSING LIKE A ROTTING ORGANISM. SHE REACHES BENEATH THE DESK, TAKES OUT A GLASS AND DEGANTER, BEGINS POURING. HER HAND SHAKES AND GLASS AND DECANTER CLATTER PITIFULLY -- AGAINST EACH OTHER.

SOUND OVER: A PIANO, HAMMERING OUT "MEN OF HARLECH" -- HIDEOUSLY. BRIDGING TO THE NEXT SCENE.

89. INT. COLLEGE - GYMNASIUM LATE AFTERNOON 89.

MISS LUMLEY ON THE LITTLE RAISED DAIS AT ONE END OF THE ROOM, THUMPING OUT "MEN OF HARLECH" ON THE UPRIGHT PIANO, THE HIDEOUS MUSIC BRDGING FROM THE PREVIOUS SCENE.

THE GYMNASIUM, KNOWN TO THE GIRLS AS "THE CHAMBER OF HORRORS" IS A LONG NARROW ROOM LIT ONLY BY A ROW OF BARRED SKYLIGHTS. ON ITS BARE LIME-WASHED WALLS VARIOUS INSTRUMENTS FOR THE PROMOTION OF FEMALE HEALTH AND BEAUTY HAVE BEEN SET OUT, AS WELL AS A ROPE LADDER SUSPENDED FROM THE CEILING, A PAIR OF METAL RINGS AND A SET OF PARALLEL BARS. A PAIR OF IRON DUMB-BELLS AND A SET OF WEIGHTS COMPLETE THE EQUIPMENT.

THREE ROWS OF GIRLS - 14 IN ALL - DRESSED IN BLACK SERGE BLOOMERS, BLACK COTTON STOCKINGS AND WHITE RUBBER-SOLED CANVAS SHOES, LISTLESSLY DIP AND RISE IN TIME TO THE MUSIC, PERFORMING A LUNATIC RITUAL WITH WOODEN INDIAN CLUBS. ONE TWO, ONE TWO, ONE TWO: INTERMINABLY.

MISS LUMLEY

(IN TIME WITH HER PLAYING)
Fanny! You are ridiculously out of step! Pay attention to the music, please!

ONE TWO, ONE TWO, ONE TWO ...

88 CONTD 88

SUDDENLY THE DOOR OPENS. MISS LUMLEY STOPS PLAYING IN THE MIDDLE OF A BAR.

EVERYONE IS LOOKING TOWARDS THE DOOR.

IRMA AND DIANNE ARE STANDING IN THE DOORWAY.

DIANNE

Excuse me, Miss Lumley ...

NOTHING FROM MISS LUMLEY

DIANNE

See whom we have with us today! Our dear Irma is back with us for but a few hours. Soon she leaves to join her parents in Europe. Mes enfants, for ten minutes you may talk as you please ....

DIANNE LOOKS TOWARDS THE DAIS.

DIANNE

Providing you approve, Miss Lumley.

NOTHING FROM MISS LUMLEY.

DIANNE

Voila, the class is dismissed.

NOT A STIR, NOT A MURMUR FROM THE GIRLS. THEY ARE STANDING THERE, SILENT, TRANSFIXED. THEN EACH HEAD, AS ONE, LOOKS UPWARDS, OVER DIANNE AND MISS LUMLEY, THROUGH THE LIME-WASHED WALL OF THE GYMANASIUM, UP, OUT AND BEYOND.

FX

SUDDENLY THE ROOM IS ALIVE WITH THE SOUND OF CICADAS -- LOUD, OPPRESSIVE, ALL-PERVADING.

88. Contd 88.

THE GIRLS BREAK RANK, SILENTLY, THEIR RUBBER-SOLED FEET SHUFFLING ON THE SAWDUST FLOOR. THEY ARE MOVING A LITTLE CLOSER TO DIANNE AND IRMA. THEIR GAZE IS THE INWARD STARE OF PEOPLE WHO WALK IN THEIR SLEEP.

THE GIRLS ARE MOVING CLOSER.

THE GIRLS ARE MOVING CLOSER STILL.

THE GIRLS ARE MOVING CLOSER YET

THE GIRLS ARE COMING CLOSER, INEXORABLY CLOSER.

THE GIRLS ARE CLOSE, SO CLOSE. IRMA AND DIANNE HAVE BEEN SEPARATED. IRMA IS PRESSED AGAINST THE WALL, THE PRESSING GIRLS A CLOSE SEMI-CIRCLE AROUND HER.

FX: THE CICADAS HAVE GONE. S"DDE .. THE SILENCE IS TERRIBLE.

EDITH

(SHRILLY) Tell us, Irma, tell us!

A S"B NOSE HUGELY OUT OF FOCUS WITH AN EXPOSURE OF BRISTLING HAIRS ...

FANNY

Yes Irma, tell us.

A CAVERNOUS MOUTH AGAPE ON A GOLD-TIPPED TOOTH ...

88. Contd 88.

JULIANA

Tell us, Irma, tell us!

... THE MOIST TIP OF A DROOLING TONGUE ...

ROSAMUND

What happened to Miranda and Marion, Irma?

...HEATED BODIES PRESSED AGAINST IRMA'S SENSITIVE BREASTS ...

BLANCHE

You know what happened! Tell us.

... HOT FETID BREATH ON IRMA'S FACE.

VOICES

Miranda!
Marion!
Where are they?
Tell us, Irma!
Tell us.
Men did it, didn't they!
It was a man!
Tell us!
Tell us!

IRMA

(NOW ANGRY) I can't tell you!
I don't know! How can I tell you?
I can't remember!

EDITH HAS PUSHED RIGHT TO THE FRONT.

89 Contd 89

BLANCHE

Why can't you remember?
Tell us Irma!

EDITH

They're dead!
All dead as doornails in a filthy dirty
cave full of bats on Hanging Rock.
Dead -- and going rotten.

SLAP! DIANNE HAS SOMEHOW PUSHED FORWARD AND SLAPPED EDITH ACROSS THE FACE.

DIANNE

Edith Horton! (SLAP) You are a
liar (SLAP) and a fool. (SLAP)
A liar (SLAP) and a fool. (SLAP)
A liar (SLAP) and a fool. (SLAP)

Edith pushes back through the other -- shocked and frightened -- her hysteria gone, her face livid and stinging. The other fall back, the hysteria under control. Dianne is holding a shocked and sobbing Irma. Suddenly Rosamund comes forward, takes Irma's arm.

ROSAMUND

(TRYING HARD) You must come and see
the garden before you go, Irma; and
Mr. Whitehead's hothouse is beautiful.

IRMA MOVES AWAY WITH HER. BLANCHE TAKES THE OTHER ARM. IRMA TRIES TO SMILE. THE ROCK HAS CHANGED EVERYTHING. NO-ONE INVOLVED IS LEFT UNTOUCHED AND FOR THESE GIRLS THERE IS NO GOING BACK TO THE INNOCENCE THAT SHOULD HAVE BEEN THEIR'S FOR SEVERAL YEARS YET. THEY LEAVE IN ONES AND TWOS, ASHAMED AND SADDENED.

CONT AS PER SCRIPT WITH PAGE 136 Sc. 89

ON SCENE SO DELETE EDITH HORTON in the fourth line and replace with ANOTHER PUPIL

DELETE PAGES 143, 144, 145 and the remainder of SC. 89A on Page 146.

88. Contd 88.

DIANNE LETS OUT A DEEP SIGH, LOOKS UP TOWARDS MISS LUMLEY, STILL SITTING AT THE PIANO, SEEMINGLY IMMOVABLE.

SOUND OVER: A faint whimper

DIANNE TURNS, HURRIES TOWARDS A DIM CORNER OF THE GYMNASIUM, BEHIND A VAULTING HORSE. A PADDED HORIZONTAL BOARD, FITTED WITH LEATHER STRAPS: SARA IS STRAPPED TO THE BOARD - RIGID.

DIANNE LOOKS UP. MISS LUMLEY HAS COME DOWN FROM THE DAIS AND JOINED THEM. HER LIPS ARE SMILING.

MISS LUMLEY

It's for her own good. To cure her terrible stooping.

DIANNE'S EYES ARE FULL OF AN INEXPRESSIBLE HATRED.

90. INT. COLLEGE - HEADMISTRESS'S STUDY 90.
LATE AFTERNOON

MRS APPLEYARD IS SEATED AT HER DESK, THE BIG LEDGER IS OPEN BEFORE HER. MRS APPLEYARD GLANCES AT A LETTER, PICKS UP HER PEN, DIPS IT IN THE RED INK AND RULES ~~FAITH HORTON~~ OUT OF EXISTENCE. ONLY TEN NAMES ARE LEFT.

SOUND OFF: A KNOCK AT THE DOOR

MRS APPLEYARD IS STARING AT NOTHING.

SOUND OFF: KNOCKING -- AGAIN AND AGAIN.

90. Contd 90.

MRS APPLEYARD

(FINALLY) Come in.

THE DOOR OPENS. MISS LUMLEY IS STANDING THERE.

MRS APPLEYARD

Miss Lumley?

DORA LUMLEY IS SUFFERING AN AGONY OF INDECISION. SHE FINALLY SUMMONS UP COURAGE, STRIDES TO MRS APPLEYARD AND HANDS AN ENVELOPE ACROSS THE DESK.

MRS APPLEYARD

What's this?

MISS LUMLEY

My notice, Ma'am.

91. INT. COLLEGE - STAIRCASE EVENING 91.

MRS APPLEYARD, SLOWLY ASCENDING THE LAMPLIT STAIRCASE, EXHAUSTED. THE EVENTS OF THE PAST MONTHS ARE TAKING THEIR TOLL. SHE MEETS MINNIE, ON THE WAY UP, CARRYING A TRAY SET OUT WITH A LACE TRIMMED CLOTH AND FINE JAPANESE CHINA: A BOILED EGG, BREAD AND BUTTER, JELLY AND CREAM.

MRS APPLEYARD

Oh? And have we an invalid in the house?

91. Contd 91.

MINNIE IS NOT FRIGHTENED OF PLACCID OLD MRS APPLEYARD NOW.

MINNIE

Miss Sara's supper, Ma'am. Mam'selle asked me, seein' the child's feelin' poorly.

MRS APPLEYARD

Hmmm ....

MINNIE SMILES, MOVES PAST AND UP. MRS APPLEYARD CONTINUES ASCENDING, THEN SUDDENLY STOPS AND TURNS.

MRS APPLEYARD

Minnie ....

MINNIE PAUSES, ALMOST AT THE TOP.

MRS APPLEYARD

Kindly tell Miss Sara not to put out her light until I have had a word with her.

MINNIE

Yes, Ma'am.

91A. INT. COLLEGE - UPPER HALLWAY EVENING 91A.

MINNIE MOVES ON, TO THE TOP OF THE STAIRS, ALONG THE UPPER HALLWAY TO MIRANDA AND SARA'S BEDROOM, KNOCKS, OPENS THE DOOR, GOES IN.

91B. INT. MIRANDA & SARA'S ROOM EVENING 91B.

THE ROOM IS DIMLY LIT, SARA IS LYING IN BED, FACING THE WALL, HER BACK TO MINNIE.

MINNIE

(QUIETLY) Miss Sara. I've brought you some supper.

NOTHING FROM SARA.

MINNIE

Mam'selle told me to bring it up to yer. She said you've got to be a good girl and eat it all up.

SARA

(STILL FACING THE WALL) Tell Mam'selle I don't want it. (AN AFTERTHOUGHT) Thank you.

MINNIE

But you must eat. You'll be sick if you don't.

SARA TURNS TO FACE MINNIE, HAIR FRAMING HER PALE FACE.

SARA

I'm sick already. If I eat that I'll be even sicker.

MINNIE

Nonsense. Now come on, Miss ...

SARA CUTS ACROSS HER, SUDDENLY.

SARA

(FLATLY) Do you know what, Minnie?

MINNIE

No, what?

91B. Contd 91B

SARA

I was in an orphanage, once.

MINNIE

(QUIETLY) Were you, Sara ...

SARA

(DREAMILY)
I had a brother then ... called Bertie ...
I told the Matron I was going to be a lady
circus rider on a white horse, in a
spangled dress.

MINNIE IS WATCHING, AND LISTENING.

SARA

She was afraid I'd run away.
So she shaved my head.

CONTD AS PER SCRIPT THROUGH TO PAGE 141.

DELETE MRS APPLEYARD'S LAST SPEECH

91B. Contd 91B.

SARA

I was in an orphanage, once.

MINNIE

(QUIETLY) Were you, Sara ...

SARA

I told them I was going to be a lady circus rider on a white horse, in a spangled dress.

MINNIE IS WATCHING, AND LISTENING.

SARA

The matron was afraid I'd run away. So she shaved my head.

SARA IS LOOKING AT MINNIE, DARING HER TO DISBELIEVE HER. MINNIE DOESN'T.

SARA

(SIMPLE INNOCENCE) So I bit her arm. It bled. So she painted my head with gentian violet.

MINNIE JUST LOOKS AT SARA, HER EYES FULL OF COMPASSION.

92. INT. CORRIDOR OUTSIDE SARA'S ROOM NIGHT 92.

MINNIE IS BACKING OUT OF SARA'S ROOM. WITH A LAST LOOK IN HER DIRECTION SHE WALKS DOWN THE CORRIDOR TOWARDS THE STAIRCASE. SHE NODS AS SHE PASSES MRS APPLEYARD.

93. INT. SARA'S ROOM NIGHT 93.

SARA IS IN BED. A SHIVER PASSES THROUGH HER BODY AS THE DOOR OPENS, REVEALING MRS APPLEYARD. BUT SHE SUMMONS ALL HER SILENT SULKY COURAGE AND STARES COOLLY AT THE HATEFUL WOMAN. THE COLOUR RISES IN MRS APPLEYARD'S FACE. HOW SHE DETESTS THIS ARROGANT LITTLE BASTARD CHILD.

MRS APPLEYARD

(GLANCING AT THE UNEATEN FOOD)
You recall our recent discussion, Sara?

NOTHING FROM SARA.

MRS APPLEYARD

Answer me when I address you, child!

SARA

(FINALLY) Yes.

MRS APPLEYARD

I have considered your situation
m carefully. I have searched
my mind - and my conscience -
for a solution.

SARA BLINKS. THE WOMAN MAY AS WELL BE SPEAKING BANTU.

MRS APPLEYARD

But this is not a charitable
institution, and as your fees have
not been forthcoming, I have been
forced to make certain arrangements
on your behalf.

STILL SARA SAYS NOTHING. BUT SHE KNOWS WHAT MRS APPLEYARD IS ON ABOUT NOW.

MRS APPLEYARD

Although under no obligation, I am
prepared to meet the cost of your
train fare.

19C. EXT. APPLEYARD COLLEGE. ROOF DUSK 19C

MRS APPLEYARDS P.O.V. OF DRIVEWAY.

Contd with Sc. 20

142

93 Contd 93

SARA AWAITS SENTENCE.

MRS APPLEYARD

You will be returned to the orphanage.

EVEN BATTLE-HARDENED MRS APPLEYARD, WITH YEARS OF MONSTERING CHILDREN BEHIND HER, IS MOMENTARILY DISTURBED BY THIS STRANGE HAUNTED CHILD. SARA'S FACE IS ALL EYES ENORMOUS BLACK EYES, BURNING INTO HER OWN.

93A MRS. APPLEYARDS ROOM. NIGHT 93A

MRS APPLEYARD FULLY DRESSED, SITS NON THE EDGE OF HER BED. SHE SEEMS HIGHLY DISTURBED BY THE RECENT INTERVIEW WITH SARA. SHE MAKES TO LEAVE THE ROOM THEN CHANGES HER MIND AND RETURNS TO THE EDGE OF THE BED.

93B EXT. APPLEYARD COLLEGE. NIGHT 93B

THE SCHOOL IS SHROUDED IN A FINE MIST. AN EERIE SILENCE.- THE PAINTED SHIP ON A PAINTED SEA. WE HEAR THE FAINT DISTANCE SOUND OF BREAKING GLASS.

94. EXT. "LAKE VIEW" MORNING 94

THE FITZHUBERT CARRIAGE DRAWN UP OUTSIDE THE FRONT DOOR OF THE HOME. LUGGAGE IS BEING PASSED BY A MAID TO A GROOM WHO STACKS IT ON THE BACK OF THE VEHICLE.

"LAKE VIEW" IS TO BE CLOSED FOR THE WINTER.

94A INT. "LAKE VIEW" STABLES DAY 94A

MICHAEL IS DRESSED IN HIS TOWN CLOTHES READY FOR THE RETURN JOURNEY TO MELBOURNE. HE LOOKS MOODY AND PREOCCUPIED. ALBERT IS DRESSING IN HIS COACHMANS UNIFORM.

AMICHAEL

Albert ---Why not take a holiday and come up North with me.

ALBERT

Jeez! You mean that

MICHAEL

Of course I mean it. Theres a big cattle station I want to see -- away up near the border. It's called Goonawingi

ALBERT
(THOUGHTFULLY)
I reckon I could easy get a job on one of them big runs. All the same Mike I can't walk out on your Uncle and the horses ... I could get a replacement.

MICHAEL
Anyway keep your eyes skinned for the right bloke. I'll write to you as soon as I know my plans.

(ALBERT POURS WHISKY INTO TWO TIN MUGS)

ALBERT
Here

MICHAEL DRINKS

MICHAEL
Lately I find a stiff whisky's quite a help when I can't sleep.

ALBERT
You still thinking about that bloody rock?

MICHAEL
It can't help it. It comes back at night. In dreams.

ALBERT
I had a funny dream last night. A real corker.

MICHAEL TAKES A GOOD MOUTHFUL OF WHISKY.

ALBERT
Suddenly it was as though I was wide awake. In here, I was. And it wasn't the horses movin' around or anything' that woke me. There was dead quiet, as a matter of fact.

MICHAEL FILLS ALBERT'S NOW EMPTY MUG

ALBERT
And there was this smell. Real strong. And it wasn't the horses, either. I'm used to that smell -- don't even notice it.

ALBERT DRINKS BEFORE CONTINUING

ALBERT
No, it was the smell of flowers. Pansies. Real strong. And the place was all lit up --- bright as day. Brighter. But pitch-black outside. At the end of the bed. Right there ....

MICHAEL
(QUIETLY INTENSE)
Who? Who was it?

94A Cont'd 94A

ALBERT

Jeez, Mike! There's no call to get worked up over a bloody dream .... It was me kid sister, Sara, haven't seen her for years. She always liked pansies.

I'm just sitting up to get a better look when she starts going sort of ...misty like.

MICHAEL

Transparent

ALBERT

I calls out "hi! sis don't go yet". But she's almost gone, all but her voice "Goodbye Bertie" she says "I've come a long way to see you and now I must go" I sung out good-bye but she'd gone. Clean through that wall over there -- you reckon I'm batty?

MICHAEL THINKING OF HIS OWN NIGHTMARES SMILES

MICHAEL

(FINALLY)
Batty or not you'll do me Albert

95. EXT. APPLEYARD COLLEGE - MAIN GATE MORNING 95

FX: DISTANT CHURCH BELLS

MICHAEL STANDS NEAR THE MAIN GATE, STARING TOWARD THE SCHOOL. THE BIG ITALIANATE STRUCTURE IS BATHED IN EARLY MORNING SUNLIGHT. MICHAEL THINKS OF MIRANDA, OF THE PICNIC, OF ALL THAT HAS HAPPENED.

BEHIND HIM, ALBERT IS APPROACHING FROM THE WAITING FITZHUBERT CARRIAGE.

ALBERT

Mike?

WITH A LAST LOOK MICHAEL TURNS AND WALKS BACK TOWARDS THE CARRIAGE.

THERE IS NO SCENE 96

97. EXT. COLLEGE GROUNDS MORNING 97.

FX: CHURCH BELLS, DISTANT

THE SCHOOLGIRLS -- ONLY NINE OF THEM NOW, IN THEIR SUNDAY BEST, ABOARD TWO OF MR HUSSEY'S BUGGIES -- ONE DRIVEN BY MR HUSSEY, THE OTHER BY AN ASSISTANT. DIANNE IS WITH THEM, SITTING UP FRONT OF THE LEADING BUGGY BESIDE MR HUSSEY.

MR HUSSEY

All aboard what's comin' aboard, Mam'selle?

DIANNE

Yes, Mr Hussey. Thank you.

HUSSEY CLICKS HIS TONGUE, FLAPS HIS REINS AND THE BUGGIES MOVE OFF UP THE DRIVE.

SOMEONE -- MRS APPLEYARD -- IS WATCHING THROUGH ONE OF THE LOWER FRONT WINDOWS. THE DRAPES FLICK BACK AND THE FACE IS GONE.

FX: THE DISTANT CHURCH BELLS BRIDGE TO THE NEXT SCENE.

98. INT. COLLEGE - PANTRY MORNING 98.

FX: THE DISTANT CHURCH BELLS BRIDGE FROM THE PREVIOUS SCENE.

MINNIE IS JUST FINISHING CLEANING THE SILVER - PATIENTLY METHODICALLY - BORN TO DOMESTIC SERVICE. SHE PUTS THE LAST OF IT AWAY, MOVES TO THE DOOR, GOES THROUGH, CLOSES THE DOOR.

FX: DISTANT CHURCH BELLS BRIDGE TO THE NEXT SCENE.

99. INT. COLLEGE - HALLWAY, STAIRCASE MORNING 99.

FX: DISTANT CHURCH BELLS BRIDGING FROM THE PREVIOUS SCENE.

MINNIE, MOVING THROUGH THE HALLWAY. SUDDENLY SHE LOOKS UP, AMAZED.

MINNIE'S P.O.V.: MRS APPLEYARD, ALMOST RUNNING DOWN THE STAIRS, CARRYING A SMALL COVERED BASKET. SHE SEES MINNIE BELOW, STOPS, CLINGS TO THE STAIR RAIL ALMOST AS IF SHE IS GIDDY.

MRS APPLEYARD

Minnie! Surely this is your Sunday off?

MINNIE

It don' matter, Ma'am. We're all behind this morning. What with Miss Lumley leavin' and everything.

MRS APPLEYARD HAS ASCENDED THE STAIRS AND IS CROSSING THE HALLWAY.

MRS APPLEYARD

Come into the study for a moment.

99A. INT. HEADMISTRESS'S STUDY 99A.

MRS APPLEYARD OPENS THE STUDY DOOR. MINNIE IS MOVING THROUGH, MRS APPLEYARD FOLLOWING HER.

MRS APPLEYARD

Is Alice on duty?

MRS APPLEYARD CLOSES THE DOOR.

99A Contd

MINNIE

No, Ma'am. Tom took her and Cook into church in the buggy. Did yer want her for anything?

MRS APPLEYARD

No, no. Not at all.

MRS APPLEYARD SITS DOWN BEHIND HER DESK. MINNIE REMAINS STANDING. MRS APPLEYARD GLANCES AT MINNIE'S ROUNDING TUMMY. MINNIE SENSES THE GLANCE, BUT SHE BARELY REACTS.

MRS APPLEYARD

You look tired, Minnie. Why don't you go and lie down?

MRS APPLEYARD IS WHITE, PRACTICALLY SHAKING. SHE IS WORKING HARD: BOTH TO KEEP CONTROL AND TO APPEAR SOLICITOUS AND GENTLE.

MINNIE

I'm alright, Ma'am. I ll just lay the tables, first. Besides, somebody might call.

MRS APPLEYARD

Exactly. I was about to tell you. I am expecting Mr Cosgrove, some time this morning. Miss Sara's guardian. I can see him through the window when he arrives and can easily answer the door myself.

MINNIE

If yer think it's all right, Ma'am...

99A Contd 99

MRS APPLEYARD

You're a good reliable girl, Minnie. You shall have five pounds on your wedding day. Now leave me, please. I have some business to attend to before Mr. Cosgrove arrives.

MINNIE

(A TOUCH PUZZLED) Yes, Ma'am. Thank you.

MINNIE GOES OUT, CLOSING THE DOOR. MRS APPLEYARD SITS THERE: CLOSE TO PANIC, BUT ALSO WITH A TOUCH OF BLESSED RELIEF IN HER EYES.

99B INT. WOODEND CHURCH. MORNING 99B

THE COLLEGE GIRLS -- AND DIANNE -- IN CHURCH. THE ORGAN PLAYING, EVERYONE IS SINGING A HYMN, EVERYONE IS IGNORING EVERYONE ELSE.

THE TINY CHURCH IS COMFORTABLY FULL, BUT THERE IS AN EMPTY PEW IN FRONT OF THE ONE OCCUPIED BY THE COLLEGE PARTY, AND ANOTHER EMPTY PEW BEHIND THEM.

100. EXT. WOODEND CHURCH MORNING 100

CHURCH IS OVER. A KNOT OF LOCALS IN THEIR SUNDAY BEST ARE STANDING IN THE FRONT GROUNDS OF THE LITTLE BUILDING, TALKING, GOSSIPING. A FEW WORSHIPPERS ARE STILL EMERGING, THE CLERGYMAN IS SAYING HIS FAREWELLS. SOMEONE LOOKS UP TOWARDS THE CHURCH DOOR, THEN SOMEONE ELSE -- EVERYONE IS WATCHING THE DOOR. THE TALKING HAS STOPPED. THE PARTY FROM APPLEYARD COLLEGE IS EMERGING: NINE GIRLS, FOLLOWED BY DIANNE. EACH EXCHANGES A GOOD MORNING WITH THE CLERGYMAN, MOVES DOWN THE STEPS AND ALONG THE PATH. THE LOCALS MOVE TO ONE SIDE -- WELL TO ONE SIDE. IT'S AS THOUGH THE GIRLS HAVE GOT THE CLAP OR SOMETHING. PAIRS OF EYES FOLLOW THE SCANDAL-INFECTED PARTY AS THEY APPROACH THE GATE. A SMALL BOY IS STANDING BY THE GATE. HE HISSES, JUST AS BLANCHES TURNS, HER TONGUE COMES STRAIGHT OUT AND STRAIGHT BACK IN AGAIN, NEITHER BREAKING STRIDE NOR LOSING HER DIGNITY. THE SILENT NON-APPROVERS WATCH AS THE PARTY APPROACHES THE TWO HUSSEY BUGGIES -- MR HUSSEY AND HIS ASSISTANT SITTING STIFFLY ON THEIR SEATS -- LOOKING STRAIGHT AHEAD, DISOWNING THEIR CLIENTS -- JUST DOING A JOB. NO ONE GETS DOWN TO HELP ANYONE -- THE COLLEGE GIRLS ARE ON THEIR OWN.

101. INT. COLLEGE -- HALLWAY, STUDY LATE MORNING 101.

THE PARTY OF SCHOOLGIRLS, RETURNED HOME FROM CHURCH, IS FILING IN THROUGH THE DOOR, TALKING QUIETLY AND PLEASANTLY TOGETHER. THEY LOOK UP, SEE MRS APPLEYARD STANDING IN THE STUDY DOORWAY AND ARE QUIET. THEY CONTINUE ON UP THE STAIRS, SEEMINGLY COWED INTO SILENCE. DIANNE IS THE LAST TO COME IN. SHE CLOSES THE FRONT DOOR.

MRS APPLEYARD

Mademoiselle ...

DIANNE LOOKS UP.

MRS APPLEYARD

I would like a word with you, please.

101A. INT. COLLEGE - HEADMISTRESS'S STUDY 101A.

DIANNE FOLLOWS MRS APPLEYARD INTO THE STUDY. MRS APPLEYARD CLOSES THE DOOR, SITS DOWN BEHIND HER DESK.

MRS APPLEYARD

Sit down please, Mademoiselle.

DIANNE SITS.

MRS APPLEYARD

(WORKING HARD TO APPEAR NORMAL)
We were speaking last night about the Waybourne child. You expressed concern about the state of her health.

DIANNE NODS.

MRS APPLEYARD

We have been relieved of any further responsibility. Her guardian, Mr Cosgrove, arrived this morning and took her away with him.

DIANNE

But was she fit enough to travel?

MRS APPLEYARD

Apparently.

DIANNE

I should have been here. To supervise her packing.

MRS APPLEYARD

I myself helped Sara put a few things she specially wanted in her little covered basket. Mr Cosgrove was in a hurry to get away.

MRS APPLEYARD STANDS -- THE INTERVIEW IS CONCLUDED.

MRS APPLEYARD

I shall not be coming in to luncheon. Kindly tell them not to lay a place for me.

DIANNE

(UNACCOUNTABLY) Nor for Sara.

MRS APPLEYARD

Nor for Sara.

DIANNE HAS MOVED TO THE DOOR, OPENS IT.

MRS APPLEYARD

(A TOUCH OF ICE) Is that rouge I see on your cheek, Mademoiselle?

101A Contd 101A

DIANNE

Powder, Mrs. Appleyard. I find it becoming.

DIANNE GOES OUT, WITH A DELICATE SWISH OF HER SKIRTS.

MRS APPLEYARD STANDS - SLOWLY - THEN MOVES ACROSS TO THE DOOR, CLOSING IT AND TURNING THE KEY IN THE LOCK.

THE CUPBOARD UNDER HER DESK IS OPEN A LITTLE. SHE PUSHES IT WITH HER FOOT -- IT CLOSES, AND SPRINGS OPEN AGAIN. IMPATIENTLY SHE ATTEMPTS TO CLOSE IT AGAIN. TO NO AVAIL, SHE BENDS DOWN, OPENS IT, TAKES OUT THE LITTLE COVERED BASKET THAT HAS BEEN RESISTING THE DOOR, RE-POSITIONS IT IN THE CUPBOARD, CLOSES THE DOOR PROPERLY THIS TIME, AND LOCKS IT.

102. INT. COLLEGE - UPPER HALLWAY LATE AFTERNOON 102

DIANNE WALKS ALONG THE UPPER CORRIDOR TOWARD HER ROOM. SHE GLANCES IN THE DIRECTION OF POOR SARAS ROOM.

THE DOOR IS SLIGHTLY AJAR. A SHADOW FROM A FIGURE IN THE ROOM IS CAST ON THE WALL.

DIANNE GOES PALE.

DIANNE

(A WHISPER)
SARA

SHE HURRIES TO THE ROOM HESITATES A MOMENT AT THE DOOR THEN ENTERS

102A INT. COLLEGE. MIRANDA & SARA'S ROOM 102A

THE SHADOW BELONGS TO MINNIE

MINNIE

Young Sara certainly left in a helluva hurry.

SARA'S DRESSING-GOWN IS OVER THE BACK OF A CHAIR, A PAIR OF BEDROOM SLIPPERS ON THE WASHSTAND. MINNIE BEGINS STRIPPING THE SHEETS OFF SARA'S BED. DIANNE HAS MOVED ACROSS TO THE MANTELPIECE. SHE PICKS UP THE PHOTOGRAPH OF MIRANDA.

DIANNE

This was Sara's most treasured possession. It is strange that she did not take it with her.

MINNIE LOOKS UP FOR A MOMENT, THEN RETURNS TO HER BED STRIPPING: SAYING NOTHING.

NOTE: THERE IS NO PAGE 150 CONTD WITH PAGE 151-

102A. Contd. 102A.

DIANNE

She even took it on an outing to Ballarat, once. "What is that bulging out your pocket, Sara?" I asked. "Just Miranda," she answered.

DIANNE SMILES AT THE MEMORY. MINNIE KEEPS ON WORKING.

DIANNE

This above all else I would have expected her to take. Strange.

DIANNE REPLACES THE PHOTOGRAPH. MIRANDA IS SMILING AT HER.

MINNIE

(AS SHE WORKS) She's a funny kid. Yer never know what she's gunna do next.

DIANNE THINKS ABOUT THAT.

103. EXT. COLLEGE GROUNDS MORNING 103.

SOUND: THE SUDDEN NOISE OF CHATTERING, LAUGHING, EXCITED SCHOOLGIRLS BURSTS ONTO THE SOUND TRACK.

MR HUSSEY IS PUSHING THE LAST TRUNK INTO POSITION ON A BUGGY ALREADY OVERLOADED WITH LUGGAGE AND SCHOOLGIRLS -- IN THEIR TRAVELLING CLOTHES.

HUSSEY

That's that ...

103. Contd 103.

HUSSEY CLIMBS UP ONTO HIS SEAT...

HUSSEY

Home, James.

DIANNE IS WATCHING AS THE BUGGY BEGINS MOVING AWAY.

GIRLS

Goodbye, Mam'selle! Goodbye!

DIANNE IS WAVING

DIANNE

Goodbye, my darlings! Have a pleasant Easter! Au revoir.

DIANNE STANDS WATCHING AND WAVING AS THE BUGGY, ITS CARGO OF GIRLS -- THEIR SENTENCES SUDDENLY COMMUTED -- WAVING BACK, CLIP-CLOPS DOWN THE DRIVE, THROUGH THE GATE AND OUT OF SHOT.

104. INT. COLLEGE -- HALLWAY MORNING 104.

DIANNE, SUDDENLY VERY WEARY, COMES THROUGH THE FRONT DOOR AND WALKS SLOWLY ACROSS THE HALLWAY TOWARDS THE STAIRS.

MRS APPLEYARD

(V.O.) The last of them have gone, Mademoiselle?

DIANNE STOPS, TURNS. MRS APPLEYARD IS STANDING IN THE DOORWAY TO HER STUDY, FIGHTING TO CONTROL HER TWITCHING FACE AND JUMPING LIMBS.

104. Contd 104.

DIANNE

Yes, Madame.

AN IRONIC SMILE TOUCHES MRS APPLEYARD'S LIPS.

MRS APPLEYARD

We have the entire place to ourselves, at last.

DIANNE DOESN'T ANSWER.

MRS APPLEYARD

I wonder if you would care to join me at dinner tonight, Mademoiselle. To celebrate the vacation.

DIANNE

Of course.

105. INT. COLLEGE - SMALL DINING ROOM NIGHT 105.

THE LAST TRACES OF AN ELEGANT DINNER ON A SMALL, BEAUTIFUL TABLE, INTIMATELY LIT. MRS APPLEYARD IS PISSED, BUT SHE HAS HERSELF UNDER CONTROL; THE TWITCHINGS AND SHAKINGS HAVE GONE AND ONLY THE HEAVY-LIDDED EYES AND THE SLIGHT SLURRING OF SPEECH BETRAYS HER CONDITION.

MRS APPLEYARD

You will be off early in the morning?

DIANNE NODS.

DIANNE

Yes, Madame.

MRS APPLEYARD

Arthur - my late husband - and I always took our annual holidays at Bournemouth.

DIANNE IS SITTING OPPOSITE HER. TIRED, BORED STIFF, A TOUCH EMBARRASSED BY THE TOTALLY NOVEL INTIMACY OF IT ALL -- AND JUST A LITTLE FRIGHTENED.

MRS APPLEYARD

Delightful place. Absolutely delightful. Nothing changed. Ever. Not in forty years. The pier, the sands, the people, the guest house, dependable. Completely and utterly dependable.

MRS APPLEYARD REACHES FOR THE ALMOST EMPTY BRANDY DECANTER.

MRS APPLEYARD

A little more, my dear?

DIANNE GRASPS HER ELEGANT STEMMED BRANDY GLASS HALF-FULL. SHE SMILES - WITH SOME DIFFICULTY.

DIANNE

No, no thank you.

MRS APPLEYARD

As you wish.

A SILENCE. MRS APPLEYARD IS STARING AHEAD, AS THOUGH WORKING OUT THE SOLUTION TO SOME DIFFICULT PROBLEM. SUDDENLY SHE STRIKES THE TABLE WITH HER FIST, CAUSING DIANNE AND SEVERAL CUPS, SAUCERS AND PLATES TO JUMP.

THERE IS ANOTHER SILENCE. FINALLY SHE SPEAKS, AS THOUGH TO HERSELF. DIANNE IS NOW PLAINLY FRIGHTENED.

105. Contd 105.

MRS APPLEYARD

I came to depend so much on Greta McCraw! So much masculine intellect. I came to rely on that woman. Trust her. How could she allow herself to be spirited away?

SHE TURNS TO DIANNE AS THOUGH EXPECTING AN ANSWER. THERE IS NONE.

MRS APPLEYARD

Lost! Raped, murdered in cold blood like a silly schoolgirl. On that wretched Hanging Rock.

THE LAST WORDS ARE SPOKEN WITH A HINT OF THE BITTERNESS AND HATRED SHE HAS NOW TRANSFERRED TO THE PICNIC GROUND. SUDDENLY AWARE OF EXPOSING HERSELF TO DIANNE, SHE SMILES SWEETLY AND RESUMES HER EARLIER MOOD.

MRS APPLEYARD

(GLANCING AT DIANNE'S GLASS) Your's is still... (half-full)?

DIANNE ATTEMPTS TO COMMUNICATE HER SATISFACTION AT THE STATE OF HER GLASS WITH A HALF-SMILE.

MRS APPLEYARD POURS THE LAST OF THE BRANDY INTO HER PREVIOUSLY EMPTY GLASS. SHE REACHES FOR TRE BELL CORD.

MINNIE

Yes, Ma'am?

MRS APPLEYARD

Is there no more brandy, Minnie?

MINNIE

I wouldn't ... (think so, Ma'am)

105. Contd 105.

MRS APPLEYARD

Yes . there is! I remember. We opened a bottle the day the Bishop of Bendigo came to lunch. It should be in the pantry.

MINNIE

Yes, Ma'am.

MINNIE STALKS OFF, DISAPPROVAL IN EVERY MOVEMENT.

MRS APPLEYARD

Providing that lecherous creature Tom hasn't drunk it all, of course.

DIANNE IS SOMEHOW PREOCCUPIED.

DIANNE

Will Sara Waybourne be back next term, Madame?

MRS APPLEYARD STARES AT HER. BLINKS.

MRS APPLEYARD

Now, where was I? Ah, yes. Bournemouth.

106. INT. COLLEGE - UPPER HALLWAY NIGHT 106.

FX: THE TICK-TOCK, TICK-TOCK OF A GRANDFATHER CLOCK.

106 Contd 106.

THE HALLWAY, ALMOST IN DARKNESS, ONLY LIT BY MOONLIGHT FROM THE WINDOW AT THE TOP OF THE STAIRCASE. THE DARK CEDAR DOOR TO MRS APPLEYARD'S BEDROOM OPENS, INCH BY INCH. AN OLD WOMAN CARRYING A NIGHTLIGHT COMES OUT. AN OLD WOMAN WITH HEAD BOWED UNDER A FOREST OF CURLING PINS WITH PENDULOUS BREASTS AND SAGGING STOMACH BENEATH A FLANNEL DRESSING GOWN. MRS APPLEYARD: WITHOUT HER BATTLEDRESS OF STEEL AND WHALEBONE.

SHE LISTENS FOR A LONG MOMENT TO THE TICK-TOCK, TICK-TOCK COMING UP OUT OF THE SHADOWS BELOW. THEN SHE BEGINS MOVING - SHUFFLING SILENTLY PAST THE CLOSED DOORS UNTIL SHE REACHES MIRANDA AND SARA'S ROOM. SHE OPENS THE DOOR, GOES IN, CLOSES IT.

106A. INT. MIRANDA & SARA'S BEDROOM 106A.

THE BIG DOUBLE BEDROOM, FEEBLY LIT, IS NOW IN PERFECT ORDER. THE BLINDS ARE ALL DRAWN TO THE SAME LEVEL, DISCLOSING IDENTICAL RECTANGLES OF MOONLIT SKY AND THE DARK TOPS OF TREES. THE TWO BEDS EACH WITH A PINK SILK EIDERDOWN QUILT NEATLY FOLDED ARE IMMACULATE. PUTTING THE NIGHTLIGHT ON A BEDSIDE TABLE SHE OPENS THE CEDAR CUPBOARD. HER SCRAWNY BE-RINGED TALONS SCRABBLE THROUGH MIRANDA'S BEAUTIFUL DRESSES: TREY GO METHODICALLY THROUGH THE SHELVES - SHOES, TENNIS RACKETS: THROUGH THE BUREAU: THE STOCKINGS, HANDKERCHIEFS, THOSE RIDICULOUS VALENTINE CARDS -- DOZENS OF THEM. BUT NO LETTERS, NO DOCUMENTS. THE DRESSING-TABLE: THE WASH STAND. LASTLY, THE MANTELPIECE. NOTHING OF SIGNIFICANCE. THEN SUDDENLY - MIRANDA: THE PHOTOGRAPH -- WATCHING HER EVERY MOVE, GLOWING SOMEHOW IN THE MOONLIGHT. THE OLD WOMAN STEPS BACK, PICKS UP THE NIGHTLIGHT AND SHUFFLES OUT.

FOR A MOMENT WE ARE ALONE WITH THE ROOM, ITS MEMORIES AND ITS GHOSTS.

107. EXT. COLLEGE GROUNDS MORNING 107.

FXL THE HUMMING OF BEES - A PEACEFUL NOISE - JUST INSINUATING ITSELF ONTO THE SOUNDTRACK.

107 Contd 107

MR WHITEHEAD TRUNDLES INTO SHOT, SLOWLY PUSHING A WHEELBARROW ALONG THE PATH BESIDE THE HOTHOUSE. HE REACHES TH E ENTRANCE TO THE HOTHOUSE, STOPS, TAKES TWO POTPLANTS OFF THE BARROW AND GOES INSIDE.

FX

THE HUMMING OF BEES, BRIDGING TO THE NEXT SCENE.

107A INT. HOTHOUSE. MORNING 107A

FX

THE HUMMING OF BEES BRIDGES FROM THE PREVIOUS SCENE.

WHITEHEAD, CARRYING THE POTPLANTS, COMING THROUGH THE GREEN MOULDERING GLOOM OF THE HOTHOUSE.

SOMETHING CRUNCHES UNDERFOOT. HE PAUSES, LOOKS DOWN, BROKEN GLASS. HE LOOKS UP.

A COUPLE OF GLASS PANES IN THE ROOF HAVE BEEN BROKEN AHEAD OF WHERE HE IS STANDING. NOT DRAMATICALLY -- ONE WHOLE PANE SEEMS TO HAVE BEEN REMOVED IN ITS ENTIRETY, ANOTHER HAS BROKEN CLEANILY. THE PATCH OF SKY BEYOND IS BEAUTIFULLY BLUE.

MR WHITEHEAD

(TO HIMSELF, ALMOST SILENTLY)
Blooây kids .....

FX

THE HUMMING OF BEES IS A FRACTION LOUDER.

MR WHITEHEAD SNIFFS THE AIR -- WRINKLES HIS NOSE. SOMETHING DOESN'T SMELL TOO GOOD.

MR WHITEHEAD BEGINS MOVING PURPOSEFULLY TOWARDS THE PLACE BENEATH THE BROKEN PANES -- TOWARDS THE BACK OF THE HOT HOUSE. THE PLANTS HAVE BEEN PLACED MORE THICKLY BACK HERE, AND ARE BIGGER. A VERITABLE TROPICAL JUNGLE IN MINIATURE

FX.

THE HUMMING IS A TOUCH LOUDER

MR WHITEHEAD CONINUES MOVING THROUGH THE LIGHT-SLATTED GREENERY, THE GOING BECOMING MORE DIFFICULT AS THE PLANTS BECOME EVEN THICKER AND LARGER.

FX

THE HUMMING IS VERY LOUD, NOW.

SUDDENLY HE SEES IT -- A SMALL BODY IN A NIGHTDRESS SOAKED WITH DRIED BLOOD. ONE LEG BENT UNDER THE TANGLED BODY, LYING TWISTED ON A LONG SLATE SLAB. ONLY ONE POT HAS BEEN SMASHED, ONE PLANT UNEARTHED - THE BARE ROOTS OBSCENELY TOUCHING THE OTHER THIN LEG. FEET BARE, HEAD CRUSHED IN, THE SMALL WHITE FACE ACROSS WHICH A STREAM OF ANTS IS MOVING -- UNMISTAKEABLY SARA'S.

FX

THE HUMMING IS HIDEOUSLY, TOTALLY LOUD

MR WHITEHEAD GAGS, IS ALMOST SICK, THEN BEGINS MOVING HURRIEDLY BACKWARDS THROUGH THE GREENERY, NO THOUGHTS NOW OF WHAT DAMAGE HE IS CAUSING THE PLANTS. THE DEAD GIRL IS LEFT ALONE WITH THE GLOOM, THE ANTS AND THE ROARING BEES.

108. EXT. COLLEGE - OUTSIDE FRONT DOOR. MORNING 108

MR HUSSEY, LOADING A LARGE CABIN TRUNK INTO ONE OF HIS BUGGIES. A PANIC-STRICKEN MR WHITEHEAD COMES RUNNING AND STUMBLING AROUND TO THE FRONT OF THE HOUSE.

MR WHITEHEAD

Where ---- Where's the missus?

HUSSEY LOOKS AT WHITEHEAD STRANGELY FOR A MOMENT, NODS TOWARDS THE HOUSE.

HUSSEY

Inside, somewhere.

WHITEHEAD STUMBLES TOWARDS THE FRONT DOOR. HUSEEY WATCHES HIM FOR A MOMENT, THEN PICKS UP A CASE AND BEGINS PACKING IT INTO THE BUGGY.

FACES ARE APRESSED TO WINDOWS, WATCHING THESE PREPARATIONS FOR DEPARTURE: COOK, ALICE, MINNIE, TOM.

109. INT. COLLEGE - HEADMISTRESS'S STUDY MORNING 109.

THE SKELETON OF TAFFETA THAT IS NOW MRS APPLEYARD, SITTING HUNCHED OVER HER DESK, STARING AT NOTHING. HER LUGGAGE, PACKED AND READY FOR DEPARTURE, IS STACKED BETWEEN THE DESK AND THE DOOR.

SOUND OVER: A KNOCK AT THE DOOR.

MRS APPLEYARD DOESN'T STIR.

SOUND OVER: THE KNOCK COMES AGAIN.

NOT A FLICKER FROM MRS APPLEYARD. SUDDENLY THE DOOR FLIES WIDE OPEN, AS THOUGH OF ITS OWN ACCORD. MR WHITEHEAD IS STANDING THERE, HIS FACE ASHEN, DAMP BLACK SOIL CLINGLING TO THE KNEES OF HIS SAGGING TROUSERS AND THE FRONT OF HIS UNIRONED SHIRT. HE DOESN'T MOVE FROM THE DOORWAY.

WHITEHEAD

I'm sorry Ma'am, but there's something' I've gotta tell yer. Somethin' bloody terrible....

MRS APPLEYARD'S EYES: WAITING FOR IT.

THE CAMERA BEGINS A SLOW TRACK IN ON MRS APPLEYARD AS SHE STANDS RIGIDLY BY HER DESK, HER EYES FIXED ON SOME POINT BEYOND THE OLD GARDENER. THERE IS A SILENCE, AS IF HER VERY LOOK HAS STIFLED THE WORDS IN HIS THROAT.

ALL SOUND ON THE TRACK FADES TO A HEAVY LEADEN SILENCE.

AS THE CAMERA REACHES ITS END POSITION, HOLDING THE HEADMISTRESS IN CLOSE-UP, WE SEE ON HER FACE A HINT OF MADNESS.

DISSOLVE TO:

110. EXT. HANGING ROCK UPPER SLOPES. DAY 110

THE NOW FAMILIAR JAGGED PEAKS AND CRAGS, LIT BY THE RAYS OF THE MORNING SUN.

THE LARGE SOFT FEET OF MRS APPLEYARD ENCASED IN KID BUTTON-UP BOOTS SLIDE AND SCRIBBLE ON THE ROUGH STEEP SLOPE. SHE SLIPS AND FALLS. UP AGAIN, HEAD RAISED TOWARD THE JAGGED PEAKS. AN OLD LADY IN A LONG BLUE COAT AND GLOVES AND WEARING A BROWN HAT WITH A FEATHER IN IT.

SHE RESTS A MOMENT ON A LOG AND REMOVES HER GLOVES. SWEAT RUNS FROM HER FACE, DOWN HER SCRAGGY NECK TO THE STIFF LACE AT HER THROAT.

SHE MOVES ON TOWARD THE PEAKS.

SHE REACHES THE CIRCLE OF STONES AND THE STRANGE MONOLITH ON TOP OF THE ROCK. AN EXHAUSTED, HALF-MAD OLD WOMAN, AS FAR FROM THE STUDY AND DRAWING-ROOM AS IT IS POSSIBLE TO BE. SHE LOOKS ABOUT HER IN DESPERATION AND FEAR.

111. EXT. HANGING ROCK LOWER SLOPES. DAY 111

WIDE SHOT.

THE ROCK DOMINATES A SMALL CROWD OF PEOPLE. POLICE UNIFORMS AMONG THE CROWD, A NEWLY-BROKEN BODY ON THE STONY GROUND.

WOMAN'S VOICE

The search for the missing schoolgirls and their governess continued spasmodically for several years, hampered by the mysterious death of the Headmistress of Appleyard College within a few months of the tragedy. The college itself was totally destroyed by bushfire the following summer. In 1903, two rabbiters camped at the Hanging Rock found a small piece of frilled calico, thought by the police to be part of a petticoat worn on the day of the picnic by the missing governess.

END CREDITS.

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